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A PISGAH-SIGHT.

In the last of his public addresses, Mr. Bronson Howard, the late dean of our American guild of dramatic craftsmen, spoke of a visit he had recently made to Egypt, and his memories of deserts and temples provided him with a metaphor, which he shaped into a prophecy, concerning the future of the art to which he had given the best efforts of his long life. He spoke, in part, in the following words:

"This future temple of the drama also arises in a desert—a dreary desert of English literature that covers the entire English-speaking world and stretches back more than half a century; a desert of letters which has its own deceptions and optical illusions, making small men appear big and magnifying our great men beyond their real greatness. It is a broad, flat desert of literary sage brush and scrub oak, with here and there a solitary mountain and a group of grand trees. But while there is in verity a temple arising in a place of desolation, I will venture on a cheerful prophecy. And mind you, even the weather reports are looked upon as prophecies. The brilliant indications shown by our younger writers for the stage who are now crowding to the front, eager, earnest, and persistent, with their eyes on the future and not the past, coming from every walk of life, from universities and all other sources of active thought, are the basis of my prophecy. It is this: In all human probability the next great revival of literature in the English language will be in the theatre. The English-speaking world has been gasping for literary breath, and now we begin to feel a coming breeze. I may not live to fully enjoy it, but every man of my own age breathes the air more freely already. Let us hope that the drama of this century will yet redeem our desert of general literature. The waters of our Nile are rising."

That this view of the promised land is something more than the vision of a dreamer, we feel reasonably assured. The signs are multiplying in many quarters that the long drought is nearly over, and that the desert region of our literature is about to be redeemed. To believe that it would ever remain a desert would be to reject every analogy drawn from history or from the contemporary literary activity of other countries; it would be to despair of the human mind. For all the teaching of history is that the drama is one of the five or six types of literary expression fundamental to mankind, and that the creative powers of genius achieve their most complete satisfaction when they conceive of men and women as moving and acting and speaking upon the stage. That this mode of expression

should permanently cease to command the energies of some, at least, of the richest and most powerful minds engaged in the production of literature in any important country is a proposition as nearly unthinkable as any that could be formulated. That the practical drama should have lapsed from literary standards for so long as it has done in England and America is cause enough for wonder (although the reasons are fairly obvious), but is no cause for surrender of our faith in its coming rehabilitation. It must be a question of time only, and we cannot believe that the time will be long.

It must not be forgotten that the last century, dark as it has been from the standpoint of well-wishers of the English theatre, has produced a memorable literature in dramatic form. That form has been used by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Longfellow, Poe, Aldrich, and many others. In fact, there are more of our greater poets who have used it than of those who have not. But, as we all know, most of them have used it in the "closet" way, without reference to the requirements of the real stage. They have given us everything of the drama but dramaturgy, and many of them would have given us that also had the public shown signs of encouraging them. The faculty that can create a dramatic action, and fit appropriate words to the lips of the actors, has not been missing from English literature; only the trick of technique has not been superadded, and this simply because there was no incentive for its acquisition. A public of which the most serious-minded section kept away from theatres altogether was not the sort of public to stimulate a serious drama.

We are well aware that there is a class of critics, devoted particularly to the drama, who are so enamored of technique that they will not admit a play unfit for the stage to be a play at all. They will doubtless take vehement exception to the opinions above expressed, because they first give to dramatic technique the narrowest of definitions, and then upon that basis refuse admission into dramatic literature of all the works that do not conform to their definition. But this is a quarrel about words merely. Because a work in dramatic form is not neatly divided into balanced and contrasted scenes, because its characters do not always make their entrances and exits in such a way as to produce certain momentary and artificial effects, because physical action is sometimes lost sight of in the development of ideas, because speeches are long

and their language is not that of ordinary human intercourse, — for these and similar reasons we are assured that many of the noblest dramas in our literature are not really plays, but only academic exercises of which their authors should feel rather ashamed. These authors, we are told, have been too indolent to master the rules of stagecraft, and have assumed an unjustifiably irresponsible attitude toward the form of art in which they affect to work.

Now all this may be measurably true, and yet it does not weaken our contention that the "closet drama" includes many works which, despite their failure to move at the nimble gait most pleasing to our feverish public of theatre-goers, are capable of fulfilling for serious auditors all the deeper purposes of dramatic art. The technique which they lack, and for lack of which they are so roundly condemned, is just what we have called it, a trick, a comparatively superficial thing, a quality that the dramatic writer will do well to cultivate, but one that must not be permitted to absorb either his own faculties, or those of his audience, to the exclusion of those weightier matters for which the drama really exists. The authors of these very works of which we are speaking might easily enough have fitted their dramatic productions for the stage had they seen any indications of the existence of a receptive public. But from a public that did not go beyond technique in its demands, that even resented the drama of ideas and serious purpose, they naturally felt themselves estranged. And the estrangement will continue as long as the public maintains its philistine attitude toward the stage. The "closet drama" is the logical result of that state of the public mind which even yet is disposed to apply the contemptuous epithet "problem plays" to all the works that go below the glittering surface of human nature, or that venture to substitute poetry for sordid prose in their portrayal of life.

It is safe to say that when the public is ready to give up thinking of a play as a mechanism, and is ready to recognize it as an organism instead, that the long-delayed *rapprochement* between English literature and the stage will be at hand. The gods are ready to arrive when the half-gods are cast from their shrines. The cult of the artificial and the insincere, as typified by the Scribes and Sardous, must give place to the worthier form of worship exemplified, however faultily still, by those who have come to know the sincere truth-seeking aims of such men as Ibsen and Hauptmann and Maeterlinck and

Echegaray. Our examples are necessarily taken from foreign literatures because the English stage has so far lapsed from the path of dramatic rectitude that it can offer only second-rate illustrations of even the inferior type. That regeneration of taste which alone can revive the past splendors of the English drama will come when enough people are brought to realize the simple fact that stares students of contemporary literature in the face, the fact that the English theatre stands alone among the theatres of the present-day world in its separation from reality and in its failure to give vital expression to the deeper thoughts and aspirations of the race.

But there are signs of promise in the heavens, and the veteran playwright whose forecast has been taken as our text had his Pisgah-vision before his eyes were closed. The Puritans frowned upon the stage, visiting their condemnation without discrimination upon good and bad alike, but their descendants are disposed to take a saner view and adopt a more liberal attitude. The church shows awakening sympathies and much softening of the old intolerance. Without the sympathy of the church, which in the old days saw in the drama the handmaid of religion, the outlook would be dark indeed. As Mr. Henry Arthur Jones pointed out a year or so ago, the low estate into which our acting drama has fallen is largely due to the hostile attitude of the religious public, an attitude inherited from seventeenth-century puritanism. With the chief agency of public morality alienated from its cause, the theatre inevitably came to represent the frivolous, if not the actually degenerate classes of society. But now the more liberal element of church-goers offers an olive branch to the ancient foe, and we have recently seen the appearance of an Actors' Church Alliance of national scope. Even in church circles of the severest standards there are signs of a new amity. Clergymen of unquestioned orthodoxy sometimes venture into the playhouse, and now and then bestow official sanction upon some play which exudes a sufficient amount of morality. These tentative efforts on the part of the clergy, despite their misplaced emphasis and their failure to make allowance for art in its proper sense, are nevertheless encouraging, and are the first faltering steps toward a resumption of the cordial relations which are so greatly desirable.

One swallow does not make a summer, and the winter of our dramatic discontent is likely to have its season prolonged for some time yet, but there is a clear harbinger of the coming spring in the extraordinary popular success of

Mr. Kennedy's recent play. If a work so genuinely artistic and at the same time so entirely wholesome as "The Servant in the House" can fill the playhouse for month after month with audiences that show every sign of being deeply moved by its gentle teaching, it is a pretty evident indication that a public already exists for work of a much more serious cast than that provided by our sordid syndicates. The public support that is slowly but surely bringing success to Mr. Donald Robertson's Chicago experiment in the higher drama, the practical interests that are soon to dedicate in New York a costly temple to sober dramatic art, the frequency with which good works are given special performances by our schools and universities, the marked development of student interest in dramatic literature, the number of earnest young writers who are taking pen in hand with a fixed determination to aid in the rehabilitation of that form of literature—these are among the signs of the coming revival. We cannot believe that a heaven working in so many ways will not soon have noticeable results, and will do much to justify the prophecy of the pioneer worker whose death we have lately been called upon to mourn.

TOM HOOD AS A SERIOUS POET.

Posterity has not dealt justly with Tom Hood. In an age when minor Jacobean of not half his merit are dug up and sent out into the world of letters, Hood is known only as a fellow of infinite jest, now musty, and a maker of innumerable puns which are no longer amusing. To be sure, his serious poems are still read; indeed, new editions frequently appear; but Hood remains among "those whom one should know about," not as a rival of Tom Moore, not as a child of Keats, but because he was the prince of punsters.

Hood of "The Comic Annual" is dead for us. The light and airy wit that plays about the foibles of one generation loses its savor for the next. It is as alien as the fashions in illustrations of "Punch" or "Life" of twenty years back; and, like them, it is grotesque. Hood the jester must go down the primrose path with Tarleton, with Scogan, and all those lesser humorists who dealt in the main with surface only. For punning, like euphuism, has lost its virtue, and can never secure a lasting reputation.

Nor is it profitable to consider those humanitarian poems which made him famous among the serious-minded of the community. "The Song of the Shirt" will hold its place in the anthologies, and "The Bridge of Sighs," for all its word-juggling, will remain a great *tour de force*. Yet, in them Hood's trade, to sound the humor of the town, and

Hood's talent, to play with words, are more evident than the man's real genius, a delicate flower at best, and, by the time these were written, nearly trampled out of him. One should not write of Hood without writing of his songs. But these deserve a special essay, and are not the matter for which we would challenge the readers who are content with the Hood of the anthologies. In defence of an attempt to bring a greater body of his verse back into the daylight, this might first be offered, — that he wrote verse of a certain kind which was not done so well before his time, or after it; and that, laboring in part in their lifetime, he wrote a few poems to be ranked with the verse of the masters of a particular art. These masters were Keats and Coleridge.

When the two Lake poets began the memorable venture of "The Lyrical Ballads," it was the part of Coleridge to reveal the beauty which lies in the weird, the supernatural, the regions at the borders of human experience. In "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" he conveys, he suggests, by diction and by metre, the tangible sensuous beauty of that which is intangible, unreal, and impossible. Byron's blaze to Coleridge's was a fierce lurid lamp-light to the intenser and clearer flame of alcohol.

With Keats the vision is renewed. In "La Belle Dame sans Merci" there is the same crystallization of strange suggestions into beautiful and sensuous words. The penumbra of the world is made visible and can be apprehended by the senses as the penumbra of the sun at the time of total eclipse. Nor is the other poetry of Keats deficient in this quality. No mystic shadows of the other world are thrown off from the great odes. Hot sunlight, the intense heat of passion, the glory of the visible world, surcharge their lines; but the same principle prevails. Beauty is made sensuous; beauty of sight and sound and touch is transmuted into beauty of words. The poet turns from the spectral forest and the fire-flags of the upper air to embalmed darkness, and the Attic shape with brede of marble men and maids. But the beauty, whether of the weird or the natural world, is always sensuous. Its mystery and intensity is to be felt, not merely to be conceived of. Exquisite sequences of vowel sounds, words rich in connotation, rhythm that stirs the fancy, — all these bring upon the reader an enchantment of the senses identical with the spell cast by lovely seas, by wandering fires, by marble forms, or moonswept glades.

This is the quality in which Keats and Coleridge are akin, and in which they excel. "Natural magic," Matthew Arnold, from another point of view, would call it. But whether one regards the result, the purpose, or the means, its appearance as a principal aim in verse is enough to establish a school of poetry. Shakespeare and Milton could make their lines become the thing described, but with them it was not the end and purpose of their work. Tennyson learned the art of Keats, but he too made it subordinate to other ends. Like his early work, in which this quality is strongest, is the

poetry of the pre-Raphaelites. Yet their verse at its best lacks the final perfection and the freshness of the masters. But Hood is a generation earlier. He belongs with Keats and with Coleridge themselves. He comes upon the crest of the wave, and if he never reached the fairy lands at least he sailed the perilous seas of romance with the first navigators. Though a disciple, it is as a pioneer also that he deserves to be studied.

The poems which Hood wrote in the school of Keats and Coleridge were nearly all composed before 1829. Up to that time he was known only as an author of sound, though restricted, fame, who served upon the staff of the old "London Magazine" with such men as Barry Cornwall, Hartley Coleridge, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Lamb, as fellow contributors. From his "Literary Reminiscences" (which deserve to be better known) one discovers that he came under the personal influence of the great men who helped to make a new literary period. He knew Wordsworth and Coleridge, and saw much of the latter. He may have known Keats; for Mrs. Hood was a sister of Keats's friend Reynolds. Quotation, as well as imitation, show that at least he was steeped in his poetry. As a disciple, and also as a friend or acquaintance, he came into contact with most of the writers of the Wordsworth-Coleridge group.

The greater part of Hood's serious work was done in the period of these friendships, when Lamb and he were still tramping country roads to sample tavern ales, while Keats was alive, or only recently dead, and before Coleridge had retired. But in 1830 he did his first comic annual, a compound of the humorous and a masterpiece of punning. The public laughed, were rewarded with more, and paid well for it. Not that Hood was commercialized. One could have as easily commercialized Keats. No, — he was married. The portrait of Mrs. Hood at the National Gallery is very surprising; she is so stiff, so aristocratic, so unemotional. One wonders to see thus presented the Fanny loved by Hood with a passionate devotion as full of sentiment at the end as at the beginning. It was this marriage, seemingly, which made most of the trouble. For in 1834 business troubles involved the Hoods; and the poet, refusing bankruptcy, went abroad where he might live cheaply and so save enough to support his family. Serious poems were not an asset of sufficient magnitude to interest a creditor; but the people labelled him prime humorist, and would buy his humor at sight. For many years he could afford to write nothing else; and thus began the long struggle in which, worn out, he died. All this explains why we deal in the main with youthful work when we speak of the serious poems of Thomas Hood. Perhaps if Keats had married Fanny Brawne when he first met her he would have returned to surgery and left us only "Endymion" and "Calidore."

The serious work of Tom Hood for which one could ask a hearing is of three sorts. There are the romantic narratives and the odes of the school of

Keats; there are poems of horror, fear, and mystery, in the Coleridgean art; and finally come the ballads in the manner of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner."

The most ambitious and the least successful of the poems of the first variety was "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." There is a faint but peculiar charm in this poem. It is like Italian *Asti*, delicate, memorable, a little weak, and a little cloying. One feels throughout the presence of a spirit too like the pleading Titania, whose arguments are not strong enough to save her realms from Father Time. It is Keats and Spenser drained of their virility, although the poet is quite as careful of the beautiful words that stir the mind to dreams. The faults of youth mar other narrative poems of Hood's, notably the better known "Hero and Leander." But though not entirely free from them, it is difficult to see why "Lycus the Centaur" has been so completely forgotten. Its theme alone should have saved it, for the story of the enchantments of Circe is told in a strikingly original fashion. The tale could have been told severely with all the horror implied, and so Landon might have written it; but Hood chose a highly-colored narrative in which the shame of men turned brutes, the horror of Lycus wandering in a land where beasts and even fruit and flowers imprison woeful souls, his agony when his own spirit is chained to the loathsome body of a horse, all find expression and suggestion in rich verse. The poet is preëminently a lover of beautiful words; and yet in spite of an occasional absurdity, he is no less a master of the pathos which lay behind his humor and crystallized in the humanitarian poems of his later life.

A group of odes belong with these poems. The very titles, "Ode on Autumn," "Ode to Melancholy," "Ode to the Moon," show the influence of Keats. Less fervid than the master's work, they strive for the same effects, but in Hood's own way. The gentle melancholy of the "Plea" breathes through them. Ecstasy gives place to sadness. The rapturous grasp upon beauty becomes a softer longing, as genuine but less intense. They are more restrained than the narrative poems, more indicative of what the poor hack might have done if fate had let him. The deliberate richness of their phrase makes one sigh for a craftsman turned from such gold to a baser metal.

"Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!

The "Ode to Melancholy" is less happy than this ode to the moon, whose ensuing verses are even more exquisite; but "Autumn" is magnificent. It is a companion piece to Keats's poem, and should so be read. Upon it alone one might base a claim for verse certainly as worthy as some of Tennyson's before the problems of the nineteenth century entered into his poetry. But when age had mellowed Hood, a barren decade of hack-labor had followed his inspiration. This diction is from his youth:

"Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long, gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity."

But horror and mystery can be conveyed by the suggestive power of words, as well as melancholy can. "Lycus" is a lament over wretchedness, a weird wretchedness like that of "The Ancient Mariner." In two or three other poems Hood passes over entirely into the manner which Coleridge made his own; and these pieces make up the second class of his serious poetry. One of these poems pleased Browning, but has attained no other fame. In "The Haunted House" the horror is vague, the fear only suggested. Like Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," the piece is only a description. The tragedy must be apprehended from the house which conceals it, as the romance of Venice from a painting of Turner's. Over a ruin hangs the mystery of the Bloody Hand which appears on tattered banners, on curtains, and on broken casements. Not a tumbled coping-stone, not a wood-louse, spider, or moth, within the corroded walls, but is drawn upon for its share of suggested decay. And at proper intervals comes the refrain, "O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear." The fashion of telling is Hood's, for the poem is late; but the power of the story is in its metre and in its diction, and these most resemble the style of "The Ancient Mariner."

Yet there is no servile imitation in this poem, nor in the almost famous "Dream of Eugene Aram" which belongs with it. Tom Hood is strongly original in both; but the mantle of Coleridge has fallen upon his shoulders. He is imitative mainly in the endeavor to transmute the feeling of mystery and of fear, and of deeds terribly done, into sound and picturing word. Agony of conscience drives Eugene Aram to tell a schoolboy a pretended dream which is a true recital of his murder of an old man.

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!"

"The Ancient Mariner" achieves its peculiar effects by like cunning of words and metre. But few men have been able to give a better example than Hood in "Aram" of the proper relation between pupil and master. The imitation is of methods and of purpose, more than of diction, metre, or thought. The inspiration is not so much borrowed as shared.

A critic of Hood, in "The Edinburgh Review" of April, 1846, remarked that "he could throw himself back into the romance of the past, but his home was naturally among the realities of the present." The present of 1846 has long gone by, and with it most of the work of the poet which dealt with topics current in that day. Of his "contemporary problem" poetry, only "The Song of the Shirt" has lasted. But there is at least one poem of "the romance of the past" which is likely to

endure. "Fair Ines" is one of several attempts in his third or ballad manner, the manner of "Christabel" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci." The verse which enshrines her is full of the quaint and exquisite charm of high romance. The very flower of romance is in such work, — romance like that which Scott conceived, but could give us only in the large, striving in broad strokes to achieve it by the very size of his canvas. In the poems of Keats and Coleridge, and to a less extent in these ballads of Hood, it finds an embodiment which may be likened to the masterpieces of the early Flemish painters, in whose pictures the mediæval world is a vivid reality. Yet it may be likened to them only in the vividness of the impression gained; for in these poems the glamor, seen only by a modern, hangs over the picture. One looks at the past as at Tintern Abbey, without reflection, without thorough comprehension, yet stirred by the romance of its memories.

Perhaps no one but a grim realist will deny this power to the best poems of the masters. But Hood too saw the vision. Hood shared the "wild surmise" of the first moderns to stare upon the forgotten middle ages through the haze of romance. He also, in his minor way, could bring down this romance from the ethereal and make it concrete. "Fair Ines" is surcharged with it.

"I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before."

One cannot read this exquisite poem without a malediction upon punning, and the fate that made its author devote such powers to the manufacture of comic annuals.

It is this reflection which makes it difficult to estimate the value of Tom Hood's work; for, after all, it was only half done. Hounded by misfortune and betrayed by the facility of his humor, he made himself famous, it seems, at the expense of becoming great. It is useless to guess what was Achilles' name among the women, or what Keats would have written had he lived; but here is a minor Keats whose ambition to leave great verse unto a little clan was not stout enough to endure. He had the ability to carry on the school of his masters. His humor would have saved him from the morbid sensuality which always threatened the pre-Raphaelites. His vigor, and the close relation which his life ever bore to the best thought of his time, might have impelled him from the parent source along a channel as original as Tennyson's. But this is pure speculation, and too much resembles an attempt to drag him from among the minor poets, where he belongs. The best service we can render Tom Hood is to rake back the ashes from the coals of live fire still glowing in his verse. Surely, for his own sake and for the sake of the school he wished to follow, the unhappy humorist deserves that the fate his own sonnet forebodes — "there may be then no resurrection in the minds of men" — shall not be Tom Hood's.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

CASUAL COMMENT.

MISQUOTATIONS OF POETRY, as has been remarked before in these columns, are too common to be noted, except in some peculiarly shocking cases by way of warning and example. Such an instance occurs in a recent number of that usually well-edited and always interesting London journal, "The Nation," where (No. 20, p. 707) a poetically-minded contributor presents an amusing and amazing sheaf of short quotations from standard English poetry, chosen to illustrate his notion (a somewhat fanciful one, it would appear) of passages "most descriptive of various personal or social conditions." It may seem presumptuous that anything emanating from the centre and stronghold of English culture should be challenged from this remote literary frontier, where — as readers of English journals and books of travel are aware — pig-sticking rather than literature is the usual pursuit of the inhabitants, and "the ambushed Indian and the prowling bear" are likely to be encountered anywhere outside the city limits. Yet we make bold to say that such a garbling of passages of well-known poetry as appears in this scholarly English journal is enough to abash the ambushed Indian, or make the pig-sticker blush for his literary heritage. In a couple of lines from one of Longfellow's most familiar poems, "The Rainy Day," we count seven words printed wrong — seven out of fifteen! "Surely we were never reminded better," remarks the contributor, "of a hopelessly wet day." It was indeed a wet day — for him! Perhaps in Aberdeenshire, from whence he writes, both the day and the quotation appeared through a mist of Scotch whiskey. And if he is a Scotchman, he should know his Burns well enough to understand the difference between *lugs* (ears) and *lungs*; but he seemingly does not, or he would not change the line "And through my *lugs* gies mony a twang" to make the *lungs* the region of the poet's toothache. A misprint of a single letter may be thought a trivial matter, — but not when the line is from Keats, whose "beaded bubbles winking at the brim" are changed to "headed bubbles," as though the "blushful Hippocrene" had been transmuted into lager beer. And this, the collector fatuously explains, is one of "the best quoted lines in the English language"; but in his hands it certainly seems one of the worst quoted. He does it again, to the same poet, in the opening line of "The Eve of St. Agnes,"

"St. Agnes' Eve, — ah, bitter chill it was!"

which is thus rendered by our connoisseur of poetic gems:

"At Agnes Eve, and bitter chill it was."

No wonder he adds, "Does not this make you shiver?" It does indeed.

A CABMAN OF LITERARY TASTES has been found in Boston (where else would he feel so much at home?) and he and his library have achieved the distinction of a newspaper article. He lives in the fourth story of a lodging-house, drives a herd —

that ancient vehicle little familiar to other American cities, and passing into innocuous desuetude even in Boston—in his business hours, and enjoys the companionship of his books in his hours of leisure. "Seated in his comfortable rocker," says the visitor to whom we are indebted for an account of this remarkable Jehu and his library, "I glanced around the little room with its slanting roof, and met hundreds of books, and the books returned the glance. Everywhere were books lined up in proper order, filling all available space from the floor to the ceiling, in neat cases and shelves, the ends of some of the latter cut short, one below another to conform to the pitch of the roof." Of the biographical section of this attic library, he says: "Therein you could read the story of the men who made Greece and Rome famous, those who played a part in early Christian days; the men, too, of France and Spain and Russia. With these you could find the well-known statesmen of England from her earliest days; and there, I suppose the most cherished of all, were the lives of Ireland's noted ones." The Irish owner of these literary treasures has thriven moderately in his chosen calling, and having no family he has spent in books what others of his occupation squander at the corner grog-shop. He ought to be embalmed in the pages of some twentieth-century Dickens.

BOOK-COLLECTING AS AN AVOCATION can become as fascinating, and also as expensive, as (let us say) ballooning or aeroplaning. The recent death of Mr. E. Dwight Church, owner of the finest private collection of Americana in the world, and also owner of one of the choicest collections of Elizabethan and early seventeenth-century literature, brings to public notice some of the rare and costly treasures of his fine library at Brooklyn, where he made his home. Soda-manufacture was Mr. Church's prosaic money-making vocation, that being his father's occupation before him; but the unrealized artistic aspirations of his youth found some measure of solace in what is surely next door to a fine art, book-collecting. To illustrate his indefatigable zeal as a collector, it may suffice to mention here that he possessed the only known and long sought for copy of the first printed collection of Massachusetts Laws, which was only recently discovered in England. The old-fashioned title is interesting: "The Book of the General Lawes and Libertys concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusetts collected out of the Records. Cambridge: Printed according to the Order of the General Court, and are to be sold at the shop of Hezekiah Usher in Boston. 1648." His New England Primers included four unique copies—the Boston editions of 1735, 1738, 1746, and 1762—and his Shakespeareana embraced fifteen different copies (that is, with variations in the imprint) of the four first folios. The first part of an illustrated and annotated catalogue of Mr. Church's library has been prepared by Mr. George W. Cole and published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

EDUCATION BY SYNDICATION is hardly to be apprehended; there is not enough money in it. The General Education Board, however, with its command of \$43,000,000 in funds, is in a position to exercise great influence on the character of American education; and it is both a grand and a perilous power for any one body of men to possess. Anything like centralization or monopoly in education is of course extremely undesirable; anything that tends to supplant or diminish local enterprise and local pride in the matter of public education is to be dreaded. State rights and town rights are to be jealously guarded where culture is concerned, no less than in matters more material and tangible. Cheerful local support of good schools will cease if the people ever get the notion that a great educational trust is looking after such interests and paying the bills. Already, in the very state of Massachusetts, the board of trustees of the Agricultural College at Amherst has been directed by the legislature "to use its best efforts to secure and accept for the college the benefit of the retiring fund of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachers." The opening of the school year moves to reflections and apprehensions, however full of promise and bright hope may be the general condition of our educational system.

THE BLIND POET OF MARYLAND, the Rev. John Banister Tabb of St. Charles's College at Ellicott City, the "Father" Tabb so well known for his pithy bits of verse in many of the leading periodicals, has, like Milton, been stricken with blindness in the vigor of his manhood; but, unlike Milton, he has no daughters to read to him and otherwise lighten the burden of his affliction. He writes that vision is nearly extinguished, but that he remains at the college for the present, not as a guest of honor, as his colleagues would fain have him do, but as a paying boarder, this arrangement being permitted only because he would seek another home if he could not have his way. The many who have found spiritual refreshment and intellectual delight in his crisply characteristic verse will, it is hoped, feel impelled to testify their appreciation by extending a helping hand to the stricken poet in his hour of need. Even a small offering from each of the unknown friends he has made could not fail to bring him cheer and comfort. Perhaps, too, the offerings had better be anonymous, to prevent their prompt return on the part of so sturdily independent a man. He is not, however, an object of charity; rather has he made us his debtors.

THE SHORT STORY OF ACTION is no longer written, if one is to credit the doleful complaint of a prominent newspaper. "It seems to be a rule of the current writers of short stories," runs the woeful lament, "that nothing should be allowed to happen. There is page after page of words—words like the sands of the sea or the drift of the desert, all the words that the dictionary contains and many besides,—but

that is all. Nothing done, nothing doing! The characters breathe, they think, but how seldom, oh, how seldom, they act!" The importance attached to action in fiction, by this writer, is like the importance given to it in oratory by Demosthenes; and, surely, in an era so full of action as ours, so rich in discoveries and inventions, so crowded with multifarious callings and pastimes, it is strange that the story-writer should want for incident wherewith to enliven his tale. In the latest London directory some hundred or more new trades and professions are noted; and the activities of men (and women) are increasing by a sort of geometrical progression. Why, then, this dearth of action in the short story? May it not be because, after all, it is the old, old story of the heart and its affections that we are forever craving to hear retold? Scenery and events, given the artist of genius, need never be elaborate or startling. There are but seven possible plots in fiction, it has been asserted; but those seven plots, like the seven days of the week, contain infinite possibilities.

THE STORY OF DICKENS'S FIRST LOVE is somewhat fully told in a collection of the novelist's letters now first made public, in a limited way, through the generosity of Mr. William K. Bixby, the St. Louis bibliophile and collector. By Mr. Bixby's kindness the members of the Bibliophile Society are in possession of the first and only printed copies of these inevitably interesting love-letters, which for three-quarters of a century have been hidden to the world, although the world has known of their existence from Forster's "Life of Dickens." The Dora of "David Copperfield" and the Flora of "Little Dorrit" now prove to be Miss Maria Beadnell, afterward Mrs. Henry Winter, of real life. It is a little amusing, and thoroughly natural, to find the young lover writing to Maria in 1833, less than three years before his marriage to Catherine Hogarth: "I never have loved and I never can love any human creature breathing but yourself." Twelve years passed before the coldly responsive maiden bestowed her virgin affections on Henry Louis Winter, a business man in comfortable circumstances. A preface to the letters has been written by Mr. Henry H. Harper of the Society, and a critical analysis is contributed by Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard.

A CASE OF POETIC JUSTICE in our colonial history was surely the well-deserved fate that overtook General Braddock in his foolishly conducted expedition across the Alleghanies against Fort Duquesne. After his supercilious rejection of the venerable Franklin's advice in the matter of safeguarding his force against the Indians, his disregard of the warnings of his young but experienced staff-officer George Washington, and his pompous assertion of the invincible superiority of British regulars, it seemed no more than right that he should have personal experience of the red man's vigilance and

cunning. But now, if we are to believe the plausible story of Mr. Albert Stewart of Washington, Braddock was killed, not by the redskins, but by a white man of his own force. Mr. Stewart's grandfather, Abram Stewart, was superintendent of the road travelled by Braddock's army on that disastrous day; and it was while the superintendent was directing some repairs on this highway, about eight miles east of Uniontown, Pa., that there suddenly appeared from the bushes one Thomas Fossett, a deer-hunter of local repute, who told the workmen that if they dug deeper they would unearth the body of General Braddock. They digged, and found the body, which was later reburied near by, the grave being now marked with a tablet. The manner of the general's death was then explained by Fossett, who declared that he himself had shot his commander with his deer rifle. Braddock, conceited and arrogant, ignorant of Indian tactics, and insisting upon marshalling his force in the open, had taken occasion to upbraid Fossett, who, with his brother, was busily engaged in picking off the enemy from the shelter of trees, the regulars being thrown into confusion and bewilderment by the unfamiliar strategy of their foes. The unjust rebuke administered to Fossett so angered him that he fired on Braddock, and saw him fall, mortally wounded. This story, if true, is an interesting footnote to the history of our French and Indian wars.

THE PEDANTRY OF LEGAL LANGUAGE both amuses and irritates the layman whenever he has occasion to wade through the verbiage of a legal document. What could be more pompously pleonastic than, for example, the terms of a lease whereby A. B. "hath demised, granted, and leased, and by these presents doth demise, grant, and lease, unto C. D., his executors, administrators, and assigns, all that messuage and lot of ground situate, lying, and being" within certain laboriously designated boundaries? Let it be remembered, too, what an amount of impatience and harrowing suspense the circumlocutions of a man's last will and testament are responsible for among his heirs-expectant, assembled to hear the reading of that formidable document. Instead of saying simply and directly, "I give my old friend Joe Appletree my Squirrel Hill wood-lot," the deceased, or his lawyer for him, has been obliged to write: "As to my worldly estate, and all the property, real, personal, or mixed, of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I shall be entitled at the time of my decease, I devise, bequeath, and dispose thereof in the manner following to wit: Unto my old and valued friend, Joseph Appletree, I give, devise, and bequeath" the above-named wood-lot, so disguised in its opulence of legal jargon that honest Joe is puzzled to determine whether he has fallen heir to a county or a cabbage-patch. Accuracy in language is one thing; senseless redundancy is another. The reform in legal terminology that has begun in France might well extend to England and

America. Such reform would go far toward removing the ancient reproach that the law is mainly concerned with elucidating the obvious, proving the self-evident, and expatiating on the commonplace.

"BATHS BEFORE BOOKS" is said to be the motto of Superintendent Maxwell of the New York City public schools. "As I draw books myself from a Carnegie library," he declares, "and watch the children of the public schools go there for reading matter, I bless the great iron master for what he has done for the intellectual improvement and recreation of this city; and yet the usefulness, from a moral and hygienic point of view, of the Carnegie libraries is small compared with the advantages that would flow from the benevolence of him who shall increase the number of public school baths." Perhaps it is well for the bookish person to be occasionally thus reminded that there are other urgent needs besides the intellectual ones, and that literature can bake no bread any more than can philosophy. Cleanliness, if it falls somewhat short of godliness, may be allowed to go ahead of book-learning. The frequent union, by the way, of bookworminess (if the term may be permitted for the sake of its expressiveness) and personal slovenliness is one of the less pleasing manifestations of the literary temperament — one of the less encouraging outgrowths or accompaniments, too, of the library habit.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA was, we believe, some time ago proved to be no such impossible region as modern geographers, in their pride of a fancied superiority to Shakespeare, are fond of believing. Was it Sir Edward Sullivan, or an earlier inquirer, who so happily discovered that under the rule of Ottocar the Second (1255-1278) Bohemia extended from the confines of Bavaria to Raab in Hungary, and from the Adriatic to the Baltic Sea? As there is no reason whatever why Polixenes should be assumed to have reigned contemporarily with Elizabeth, so there is no reason to refuse to the Bohemia of "The Winter's Tale" the ample bounds of its thirteenth-century prosperity. Yet malicious allusions to Shakespeare's "Coast of Bohemia" will probably be made to the end of time, so prone is frail human nature to strive for an easy eminence by demonstrating some minor inferiority in the great. It was a chance reference to this Bohemian question in our reading that prompted the foregoing protest against setting down Shakespeare as an ignoramus in geography.

STAY-AT-HOME TRAVEL, by the ever-popular Public Library Route, is inexpensive, does not interfere with one's business or one's family duties, offers a practically unlimited choice of itineraries, combines unexampled speed with absolute safety, and, for comfort, is incomparably the best known method of visiting all parts of the world. To be sure, it is not without some few disadvantages; for example, consumptive patients visiting Colorado by

this route are not likely to derive that benefit from the high and dry air of the Rocky Mountains which may be gained by one who travels by the Union Pacific or the Denver and Rio Grande. But there are stay-at-home cures for consumption, too; or so we are assured every little while by the newspapers. The latest report of the Galesburg (Ill.) Public Library tells us that so fond are the Galesburgians of stay-at-home travelling that, while there has been an increase in circulation in every department of literature, the demand for books of travel in the past year has doubled. It would be interesting to know if a similar growth has been noted by other librarians.

NOVEL-READING AND LONGEVITY stand in no very obvious relation to each other; yet at the recent convention of the English Library Association at Brighton, in a spirited discussion of the question how far public libraries should go in the purchase of current fiction, Sir William Bailey of Manchester made bold to affirm, amid cries of incredulity, that the library authorities of his city very seldom found a novel that was objectionable, and even went so far as to declare his opinion that the reading of fiction prolonged the lives of many people. This assertion was greeted with laughter, but it is not reported that anyone made the obvious and not especially original retort that the reading of our great mass of current novels does not really prolong life — it only makes it seem longer.

COMMUNICATION.

ALDRICH'S "COLLECTED" POEMS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

MAY I, as the authorized biographer of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, call attention to what seems to me a breach of publishing propriety in a volume entitled "Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," just issued? This volume, which is announced by its publishers as "a new collected edition," is composed of the contents of five of Aldrich's first six volumes of verse, all written before he was thirty years old. It contains 152 pieces, of which 121 were discarded by the poet from his own collected editions, the "Household" and the "Riverside," while of the 31 pieces that were retained by him, the text of many has been so thoroughly revised that the earlier and cruder forms are scarcely recognizable by those who have known them in later and legitimate editions. There are in Aldrich's collected Poetical Works 230 poems. There are, therefore, 199 of these, embodying the poet's most mature and finest work, not to be found in this "new collected edition," — though the publishers have made amends for this deficiency by printing several pieces twice.

The ethical question of the right of such a piece of book-making to masquerade as a "new collected edition," I do not raise; but as to the propriety of representing, without explanation or apology, the most fastidious of American poets by a compilation of his discarded juvenilia, there can be, I think, no two minds.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Boston, September 21, 1908.

The New Books.

FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

"I dedicate these memories to the ghosts," is the short but significant inscription preceding the "Musical Memories" of that veteran critic of music, and author of well-known books about music and musicians, Mr. George P. Upton. The "Memories" relate to those stars, of various magnitudes, and now chiefly extinct, that were in their glory on the operatic stage and in the concert hall in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and that cast some rays of their effulgence on the Chicago of that period. Mr. Upton was for twenty-five years music critic, and later editorial writer, on the staff of the Chicago "Tribune." He has concerned himself actively and intimately with the musical interests of the city, and has enjoyed more or less friendly relations with a host of famous musicians and singers and impresarios, from the time when, in the early fifties, he left his native Boston and cast in his lot with the prairie city so largely colonized by Boston people and built with Boston capital. From a rich collection of notes and records, concert programmes and newspaper notices, as well as from remembered conversations and events, he has written a book of unusual interest to those of his own community, and hardly less attractive to music-lovers and readers generally. Jenny Lind is the subject of his first chapter, and Theodore Thomas figures in his closing pages; while between these two there parades so splendid a pageant of musical genius that one is almost deceived into believing that Chicago, and not Boston or New York or Cincinnati or New Orleans, was the music centre of America.

Although Jenny Lind never visited Chicago, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, the author's vivid recollections of her appearance at Providence, where he was then a freshman in Brown University, are graphically recorded.

"At last the eventful night came—October 7, 1850,—a red-letter date in memory. The usually staid city was in a state of delirium, which astonished those conservative old families—the Iveses, Browns, Goddards, and Hoppins. I can see it all now—the crowds, the enthusiasm, the great audience inside, and the vastly greater crowd outside wishing it were inside. I see Jenny Lind gliding down the stage with consummate grace,—she never seemed to walk,—amid the acclamations of the audience; a girlish figure of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes, gowned in velvet,

and wearing a single rose in her hair. She was plain of feature, and yet her face was expressive and in a sense fascinating. It was a wholesome face. She may not have been beautiful, judged by the conventional beauty tests; but if not extremely good-looking, she 'looked good,' as some one has said. And that goodness drew everyone to her, and she was 'Jenny,' with everyone—not Signora Lind, or Mademoiselle Lind, or Miss Lind, but Jenny Lind, as we say Annie Cary or Lilli Lehmann. Her voice, as I remember it, was of full volume and extraordinary range, and had a peculiar penetrating quality also, because of its purity, which made its faintest tone clearly audible and enabled her to use exquisitely soft pianissimos. Her high notes were as clear as a lark's, and her full voice was rich and sonorous. Her singing was genial and sympathetic and marked by the fervor and devotional quality which characterized her nature. It evinced a noble musical endowment and great reverence for her art. She was little affected by adulation, but acknowledged the wild, frantic applause courteously and with evident pleasure."

Reminiscences of the Patti brothers and sisters, an extraordinarily gifted octette, afford matter for more than one chapter. Adelina, "the most consummate and brilliant singer of her time," and "unrivalled in roles requiring grace, elegance, and ornate vocalization," Mr. Upton did not become personally acquainted with; but the following explanation of her success in resisting the ravages of time may be taken as authoritative.

"She apparently knew the secret of perpetual youth, for to the very last of her stage appearances she seemed to be the Patti of the olden days, fresh, young, and charming. When she was sixty-four, she told a friend that up to the time she was forty she ate and drank what she pleased, but after that followed a stricter regime, never touching liqueurs or spirits, but limiting herself to white wine diluted with soda, eschewing heavy food, and sleeping with open windows but avoiding draughts. In this way she had preserved her youthful appearance. She had preserved her voice so long by her perfect Italian method and avoidance of exposure, and by never forcing it."

It was from Ole Bull, we are told, that Adelina learned the trick of farewelling. He was wont to give plain farewells, "grand" farewells, "last" farewells, "absolutely last" farewells, and "positively last" farewells, blithely reappearing the next season, until he bade farewell to earth and was seen no more.

An occasional whimsical or humorous fancy is allowed by the writer to give variety to his narrative. After chronicling the death of Wieniawsky, the violinist, in poverty brought on by gambling, he continues:

"I have often wondered why it is that the violins gamble so frequently. I cannot recall violas, cellos, or double-basses doing it. I am quite certain the trombone never loses money by chance, and that the bassoon, clarinet, and trumpet never take risks in any kind of game. But I know of several violinists who every now and then have 'gone broke.' Is it because the violins

* *MUSICAL MEMORIES. My Recollections of Celebrities of the Half-Century, 1850-1900.* By George P. Upton. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

alone of the orchestral family have all the wild, wayward, passionate work to do, and the other instruments have more staid, dignified, and conservative duties to perform?"

Rubinstein's piano-playing greatly impressed the author, who thought the famous musician best in concertos, where "by his titanic power and impulsive force he not only made his piano take its proper place in the sea of sound, but he fairly led the orchestra in an authoritative manner. In a word, he dominated audience, players, and sometimes conductors." He was an artist who belonged to no school and left no school, but was a great musician playing Rubinstein. Not exactly gratifying to national pride, but still not without a crumb of comfort, is the following:

"It is somewhat strange, considering his great success and the large remuneration he received, that he was dissatisfied with his American tour, with the business arrangements, and with piano-playing altogether. It is a little consoling, however, to know that he disliked England more than he did the United States. He once said in my hearing that Americans were too much engrossed with the love of money to have a real love of art, but they were more impressionable than the English, who were the most unmusical people on earth. I have heard more than one eminent musician say the same thing. In one of his letters about this time he says: 'I put myself for a certain time at the entire disposition of the impresario, and may God preserve you from ever falling into such slavery. It is all over with art; only the shop remains. You become an automatical instrument, and the dignity of the artist is lost.' Long after this tour he wrote to a friend: 'The whole time I was displeased with myself to such a degree that when a few years later another tour was proposed to me with the offer of fees amounting to half a million, I flatly refused.'"

Jolly times in Bohemia mingle with the more serious and more professional remembrances of the journalist-critic. A night of mirth and merry-making is thus recalled:

"My pleasantest memory of Christine Nilsson is connected with her birthday celebration at the Sherman House in Chicago in 1871, to which I have already made allusion. She was in the gayest of moods that evening, waived all the conventionalities, and showed herself a Bohemian of the most rollicking, sunshiny kind. Verger sang musical caricatures of the leading barytones on the stage. Vieuxtemps sacrificed his high-art ideas to the humor of 'The Arkansas Traveller' and the fascinations of 'Money Musk'; Brignoli played his Battle March, which he thought was an inspiration, and was inclined to be offended when he looked round and saw the company, with Nilsson in the lead, doing an extraordinary cake-walk to its rhythm, for Brignoli took that march very seriously. Nilsson gave some ludicrous imitations of the trombone, double-bass, tympani, and bassoon, and sang humorous songs. The closing act of the revelry, which lasted far into the small hours, was a travesty on the Garden Scene in 'Faust' by Nilsson and Brignoli, in which the big tenor's gravity of mein and awkwardness of love-making was

admirably set off by Nilsson's volatile foolery. It was a night of hilarity and fun-making long to be remembered. And now I read that the once famous singer spent her sixty-fourth birthday in the Swedish village of Gardsby and delighted an enthusiastic audience with the song, 'I think I am just fourteen.' I should not be surprised if she honestly believes it, for she is one of the elect who can never grow old in spirit."

Theodore Thomas is of course a congenial theme to his old friend and authorized biographer, even though that biographer can have little that is fresh and important to add to his earlier extended account of the great conductor. A puzzling bit of chronology arrests attention for a moment. After writing that "Mr. Thomas had three failures in his life which were bitter disappointments and for which he was in no way responsible," Mr. Upton says that "one of these failures was the Columbian Exposition scheme in 1893," which is described; and that "Mr. Thomas's second failure was his administration of the Cincinnati College of Music in 1880"; and, finally, that "Mr. Thomas's third failure was the American Opera Company, organized in 1886 for the representation of opera in English by American artists"—an organization that went to pieces after two years of strenuous effort. However, there is scriptural precedent for causing the last to be first.

Five of Mr. Upton's twenty-two chapters treat more particularly of the history of musical societies in Chicago, going back to the year 1833, when "the little village of six hundred residents, squatted among the sloughs near the mouth of the river, heard its first music in the strains of Mark Beaubien's fiddle." The author's charter membership in and presidency of the Apollo Club qualify him to write understandingly of Chicago's musical organizations. The subjoined paragraph, touching on a matter of recent musical and art history, is interesting for various reasons.

"The Studebaker Theatre is the home of English opera in Chicago, though the so-called grand operas have frequently been presented upon its stage. It is but one feature of the Fine Arts Building, and the Fine Arts Building is the accomplishment of Mr. Charles C. Curtiss. It is a hive of busy workers in music, painting, sculpture, literature, and the arts and crafts. Its various cells house the theatre, the Music Hall, the Assembly Hall, the Amateur Musical Club, the Woman's Club, the Fortnightly Club, the Caxton Club, 'The Dial,' . . . and many other associations of an artistic character, and the studios of a small army of busy workers in beautiful things. . . . From roof to basement it is filled with what is somewhat tritely called 'the good, the true, and the beautiful,' and no sordid or unclean things are allowed entrance. Though not a musician himself, Mr. Curtiss is one of the charter members of the Apollo Club, and was its first secretary. His whole life has been spent

in the advancement of art in Chicago, and he has had the satisfaction of living to witness the rich fruition of his lofty ideals and to enjoy the rewards of his honorable struggle in the attachment of a host of friends and the success of his undertaking."

The professional criticisms and judgments that sprinkle the pages of this veteran student and friend of music and musicians add to the value of his book. Few of his readers will have any memories of their own concerning a great number of the musical artists introduced, and we are thankful for the crisp and clean-cut characterizations of these departed celebrities. The style in which Mr. Upton tells his interesting story makes it highly readable from beginning to end. It is most fortunate that he yielded to the solicitations of friends, and decided to preserve, "in compact and accessible shape," these rich memories of his prime. More than fifty portraits, and views of the Sauganash Tavern and the old Crosby Opera House, are included in the volume.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

"NEARNESS TO NATURE" IN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING.*

Mr. Fletcher's book on Richard Wilson—sometimes called "the father of English landscape painting"—will be welcome to many: it is quite time something of the sort should have appeared. Hitherto this interesting artist has been little more than a name, or an appellation joined to the remembrance of a few pictures and a few anecdotes. And it has not been easy to find anything more,—anything to be depended upon, one must add.

The traditional view of Wilson is that he was but one of the school of classical landscape dominant in his day. Thus, in so widely read a book as Muther's "Modern Painting" it is said that "Wilson had the fixed idea that the Creator had only made Nature to serve as a framework for the Grief of Niobe and as a vehicle for classical architecture." But such a view is so opposed to what little is common knowledge of Wilson that no one could form a real idea of the man from it. It is a probable tradition that the figures in Wilson's pictures were sometimes painted by others. If this be the case, can we imagine a man painting only what he thought the framework, and leaving the real thing to another? Again, it is one of the stock quotations from Sir Joshua that Wilson's pictures were too near common Nature to admit

supernatural objects. We can hardly imagine that a man who had all of Claude to imitate should have spoiled his mythological pictures by having the framework too much like Nature. Such remarks, if not absurd (and of course many will not think they are), are at least clearly conventional and not based upon the known facts.

So in his later study of English landscape, Muther presents a different view: he sees something more in Wilson. Of the Niobe he now writes: "Here sighs and groans Nature herself . . . this is a picture which points, not backward to Claude, but forward to Turner." So also Mr. C. J. Holmes, writing in the "Burlington Magazine" a little while ago, says of Wilson's "View on the Wye" that it might almost stand for "a prelude to the revolt in favor of Nature which was completed by Constable"; and the same idea is suggested by other of Wilson's later landscapes. With two such different views—the traditional and the artistic—it is certainly worth while for someone to look carefully into the subject.

The merit of Mr. Fletcher's work will best come out if we consider his main contention; for even though we may not agree with his final result, we shall learn something from his presentation. Mr. Fletcher, so far from thinking of Wilson as "the English Claude," as the last petering-out of the classic landscape of Claude and the Poussins, regards him as a virile originator, as a forerunner, as one who before his time perceived beauties in Nature which others coming after him were more fortunate in exhibiting; in a few words, as the father of English landscape. I cannot agree with him in this respect; and although he has many sources of opinion not open to an amateur like myself, I believe it will be not impertinent to review the case.

The revival of an interest in Nature was one of the marks of the eighteenth century in England, as elsewhere. It is to be seen in literature and in painting, in landscape gardening and in travel,—indeed, in all possible forms of life. In England this interest in Nature usually appeared in one of three forms. First, there was the charm of the beautiful *par excellence*, as it seemed, the large, free, well-proportioned, and elegant, well enough represented in landscape art by the pictures of Claude Lorraine. Then there was the charm of the romantic, of the wild, rough, fierce aspects of Nature that may be seen in the landscapes of Salvator Rosa. And, lastly, there was the pleasant, comfortable, pastoral kind of charm, very

* RICHARD WILSON, R.A. By Beaumont Fletcher. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

dear to the English heart, of which something is to be seen in Ruysdael and Hobbema. These different kinds of beauty will be found in all sorts of different forms; perhaps the last is the most thoroughly English, and has remained the chief element in natural scenery that has appealed to the English mind. However that be, there is little doubt that it represented the main feeling for Nature in England during the eighteenth century, — "the beauty of the grove and the shade," not classic nor romantic, but still charming and beautiful.

As these three views of Nature came to expression in the English painting of the eighteenth century, it is the classic landscape (if we may so call it) which is to be seen in Wilson. Whether he was or was not something more than the lover of classic landscape, as Mr. Fletcher thinks, he was certainly that. The second kind, the romantic landscape of Salvator Rosa, is represented, in the eighteenth century at least, by no one. Wilson has something of the quality, and the earlier pictures of Gainsborough have something of it; but of neither was it the prevailing spirit. A few poets and novelists loved the wild and horrid crag, the solemn and awful mountain; but the painters cared less for them. For the third — the pastoral beauty, the beauty of the grove and the shade, — of course the man is Gainsborough.

Now the prevailing spirit not only of the greatest landscape of the nineteenth century, but particularly of English landscape, has been, not the classic, and not the romantic either, but the charming, the familiar, the pastoral beauty. Take a few representatives: Constable and Cotman, Rousseau and Monet, the Worpswede group in Germany, for instance, and George Inness in our own country, — these represent not such landscape as Claude or Salvator, but something more like Gainsborough. If you ask a landscape painter why he does not go into the mountains to paint, he will be likely to tell you that mountain crags are not paintable. If you ask him why he does not paint classic landscapes like Turner's, he will tell you, possibly, that Nature has not yet quite caught up to Turner. But the beauty and the truth of *paysage intime* is felt by everyone, and is certainly the dominant spirit of English landscape, from Crome, Cotman, and Constable, down. And of such painting, of such feeling for Nature, Gainsborough is without question the first great figure. It may be a superficial view, perhaps, but certainly a glance at "Cornard Wood" or "The Watering Place" will make one feel that Gainsborough

is distinctly modern. On the other hand, no picture of Wilson's that I have seen will give one any such idea: Wilson, like Claude, has a very great and definite charm, but his feeling for landscape — so far as concerns the spirit of it — is not modern at all.

Such, I presume, would be the contention of those who see in Gainsborough rather than Wilson the father of English landscape; and such a contention is doubtless entirely familiar to Mr. Fletcher, for he bases his own opinion on very different views. Mr. Holmes, in the passage quoted, says that some of Wilson's later pictures make one think of Constable. So they do; not only the one which Mr. Holmes mentions particularly, but several others reproduced in Mr. Fletcher's book. Indeed, many American readers, at least, in looking at the reproductions of Wilson's English landscapes will feel that they have not really known the man so far, that he had sides they were not aware of. The quality will strike any observer; still, it seems but slight when we turn to Gainsborough.

Mr. Fletcher presents a different view. He presents Wilson's classicism in a very interesting way, and also the native quality of which we have just spoken. But when he calls Wilson the father of English landscape, he has something else in mind. He does not press the matter of dates, wherein Wilson has the advantage, nor does he admit the importance of the spirit and sentiment, where he has not; he takes another position. "To see and feel was the great thing, and that was what Wilson was the first landscapist to do." "Even if it were true that he saw only Italy, he would still rightly be regarded as the artist with whom in Britain sincere landscape art may be said to have had its beginning." Closeness to Nature — that was the thing in Wilson, thinks Mr. Fletcher (pp. 167, 168); in Wilson to a degree in which it was not in Gainsborough.

That is a point where I, at least, shall not venture to dispute with Mr. Fletcher. Whether Wilson or Gainsborough were really closer to Nature, is a matter that I must leave to those who know their pictures more thoroughly, as well as the especial forms of Nature that they painted. Wilson, according to Mr. Fletcher, usually painted in his studio, and was even content with a Stilton cheese and a pot of porter as a suggestion for one of his finest pictures. Now Gainsborough, in his early years at Ipswich, said that he had painted every tree and every stile within ten miles around; if, then, Wilson's pictures are closer to Nature than Gainsborough's,

it will be admitted that he was a man of remarkable powers. "His plains and mountains, and the very forms of his trees and tints of his verdure, are, far more than in Gainsborough, of the actual shape and substance of the same things in Nature." It may be so; it is a matter of fact and not of inference, and in this country at least one cannot really be a master of the materials for judgment. But on the basis of the material that does exist, such a view appears very eccentric.

Such as it is, however, Mr. Fletcher practically devotes his book to it; and whether one agree or not, the book is interesting. He shows us Wilson as a lover of classic landscape certainly, but as distinctly a sincere, original painter, firmly intent on rendering Nature as he saw it. Unappreciated he was, of course; but that very fact shows that he was not the follower of a fashionable tradition, but a man who was bound to see and paint for himself. That sort of criticism, and the twenty reproductions of Wilson's pictures, are the chief things of interest in Mr. Fletcher's book. The biographical part is slight, because there is very little material for it. But Mr. Fletcher has used what he could get, and has so thought over and appreciated Wilson's painting that his book does much to give us something of an idea of one who, whatever else he was or was not, was an artist of power and charm.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

THE POLITICAL GOAL OF CANADA.*

In an address before the Canadian Club of Toronto, which forms the first of the series of addresses and essays in the volume entitled "The Kingdom of Canada," Mr. John S. Ewart draws attention to the significance of the widespread movement for the creation of Canadian Clubs in all the cities and towns of the Dominion. He says:

"Canada has commenced to realize herself, to believe in herself, and to recognize that for her, too, there is a principal part to play upon the stage of the world. Canada has become conscious of the feelings and aspirations and the strong strivings of strenuous manhood, and, on the other hand, of the utter impossibility of full expression and assertion in mere colonial status. Divine discontent (the necessary pre-condition of all improvement), in regard to her political semi-servitude, has taken strong hold upon Canada, and she is taking stock, and extending the figures, and considering where she now is, and what her future is to be."

"Political semi-servitude" seems rather an

extreme expression to use in defining the present status of a country possessing the measure of self-government enjoyed by Canada. Nevertheless there can be no doubt in the mind of any thoughtful observer as to the widespread discontent on the part of Canadians with their status as a part of the British Empire. Canada is approaching, perhaps slowly but certainly surely, the parting of the ways. Self-respect will not permit her to remain satisfied with a union which savors of paternalism, however nominal the obnoxious link may be, and however tactfully it may be hidden.

But while there exists practical unanimity among thoughtful Canadians as to the impossibility of maintaining the *status quo*, there is a wide divergence of opinion as to the goal toward which Canada should set her face. Mr. Ewart himself, in the last of these essays, "The Future of Canada," suggests five possible alternatives: 1, Union with the United States; 2, an independent republic; 3, Union with the United Kingdom; 4, an independent monarchy with a Canadian king; and, 5, an independent monarchy with the same sovereign as the United Kingdom. After arguing the probability or otherwise of Canadians accepting each of these alternatives, he rejects all but the fifth. Here is his own summary of the argument:

"The road of our political development has not led us away from monarchy, nor from the British Sovereign; it has led us to almost complete independence [which, by the way, is hardly the same thing as "political semi-servitude"]; the termination of the road is not far off, and it is the Kingdom of Canada under the British Sovereign; probably we shall not turn from that road to join the United States; nor shall we become a republic by ourselves; Imperial Federation either in the lump or by instalments is impracticable and impossible."

Mr. Ewart argues his case with the skill and persuasiveness that one expects from one of the ablest members of the Canadian bar, but it is just in his point of view that one feels the weakness lies. His essays are not so much an impartial examination of the arguments for and against these several alternatives, and the probable attitude of Canadians toward them, as they are an argument in favor of one and against all the others. He holds, in fact, a brief for the Kingdom of Canada, as against the other alternatives, and particularly as against Imperial Federation. It is open to question if the movement toward Imperial Federation is anything like as dead in Canada, and in other parts of the British Empire, as Mr. Ewart supposes. It might, in fact, be nearer the truth to say that ambitious young Canada — young Canada that forms the backbone of the movement that is finding expression

*THE KINGDOM OF CANADA. Imperial Federation, The Colonial Conference, The Alaska Boundary, and other Essays. By John S. Ewart. Toronto: Morang & Co.

just now in the formation of scores of Canadian Clubs — is divided into at least two camps. One of these, for which Mr. Ewart may be accepted as spokesman, looks toward a British Empire composed of several nations owning allegiance to one and the same sovereign, but otherwise absolutely independent. The other, represented by Dr. Parkin and Professor Leacock, seeks to bring about a federation of the Empire, which, while safeguarding the liberties and interests of each, will make it part and parcel of one vital and powerful whole. The former, in fact, stands for decentralization; the latter for centralization. Apart from these two great schools of thought in Canada, there is a less clearly defined sentiment which might in time take form in a movement for the creation of an independent Canadian republic. Finally, there is the party whose platform is annexation to the United States — Dr. Goldwin Smith.

While there may, therefore, be differences of opinion as to the correctness of all Mr. Ewart's conclusions, his essays may be taken as representative of the views of at least one strong and growing school of thought in Canada; and to that extent they are of distinct interest and value.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE "LITTLE GIANT" OF ILLINOIS.*

It was in the Valley of the Mississippi River that the sentiment of the nationality of our country was most consistently nurtured and longest maintained. From here, where Northerners and Southerners settled side by side along the banks of the great river on whose waters floated their commerce, the two most prominent leaders who stood for the perpetuity of the national union were chosen at a critical moment by the two great political parties; and it is not strange that both of these leaders came from the state wherein the Northern and Southern elements had been amalgamated most completely — Illinois.

Because Lincoln at the end of his career was connected with events belonging to post-bellum days — a newer and more modern period — it is yet too early to expect a dispassionate and scientifically conceived biography of him; at least, none such has yet appeared. On the other hand, Douglas's main career ended with the period of agitation about slavery, and the events in which he was most concerned are now

so far removed from the present that a true picture of him and his activities may be successfully attempted. This attempt Professor Johnson has made in his biography of Douglas; and it must be conceded that for the most part he has admirably succeeded.

Stephen A. Douglas was a politician of the type that flourished before the Civil War, and it is as such that the author has pictured him; and this justifies the sub-title, "A Study in American Politics." Yet the very limitation of the subject has led to omissions that prevent the study from being a complete picture of Douglas. Professor Johnson has not chosen to enter into his career as lawyer and judge except in the most casual manner, since these activities were so subordinated to Douglas's political career; and for the same reason we find little discussion of his business enterprises — such as his land speculations, etc. It will be necessary to work out more carefully such phases of Douglas's activities before the man will be presented to us in a final portrait.

The description of the politician, however, is very satisfactory. The author has traced his career carefully through all available material, and for his painstaking study he is deserving of the highest praise. Private letters, the Douglas autobiography, and the various public documents, have been used with care and discrimination. Particularly to be commended is the treatment of Douglas's promotion of Western State building enterprises through the Committee on Territories both in the Senate and the House of Representatives. Douglas was so closely identified with the slavery agitation that for this phase of his exertions he has not always received the credit that is due him.

At an important epoch in the development of the West, in the year 1845, Douglas was appointed Chairman of the House Committee on Territories. His work in this capacity is thus summarized by Professor Johnson:

"The vision which dazzled his imagination was that of an ocean-bound republic; to that manifest destiny he had dedicated his talents, not by any self-conscious surrender, but by the irresistible sweep of his imagination, always impressed by things in the large and reinforced by contact with actual western conditions. Finance, the tariff, and similar public questions of a technical nature, he was content to leave to others; but those which directly concerned the making of a continental republic he mastered with almost jealous eagerness. He had now attained a position which for fourteen years was conceded to be indisputably his; for no sooner had he entered the Senate than he was made chairman of a similar committee. His career must be measured by the wisdom of his statesmanship in the peculiar problems which he was called upon to solve concerning

*STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. *A Study in American Politics*. By Allen Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the public domain. In this sphere he laid claim to expert judgment; from him, therefore, much was required; but it was the fate of nearly every territorial question to be bound up more or less intimately with the slavery question."

In this estimate the author is correct. To Douglas, the occupation of the public domain by settlers and the acquisition of new territory for the same purpose appeared the paramount issues of his time. The list of States and Territories for which he was sponsor is a long one, and the importance of his work may be shown by the fact that the list includes Oregon, Texas, California, New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska.

Douglas's attitude toward the slavery agitation is first to be explained by his interest in this Western expansion, and his political ambition is a contributory cause. In every discussion concerning the formation of Territories or the admission of States, the slavery question was introduced. The South saw itself being outstripped in the race of expansion, and demanded more than equal privileges, which the fanatic zeal of the abolitionists would take away entirely. This antagonism of purposes and policies forced the issue on the chairman of the Committee on Territories; and his solution was that panacea with which his name is so closely associated — "Squatter Sovereignty." Such a solution must have appeared absurd to the men of the older communities of the East, but to the Westerners it seemed logical. As Professor Johnson writes:

"The taproot from which squatter sovereignty grew and flourished was the instinctive attachment of the Western American to local government; or, to put the matter conversely, his dislike of external authority. . . . Under stress of real or fancied wrongs, it was natural for settlers in these frontier regions to meet for joint protest, or, if the occasion were grave enough, to enter into political association, to resist encroachment upon what they felt to be their natural rights. Whenever they felt called upon to justify their course, they did so in language that repeated, consciously or unconsciously, the theory of the social contract with which the political thought of the age was surcharged. In these frontier communities was born the political habit that manifested itself on successive frontiers of American advance across the continent, and that finally in the course of the slavery controversy found apt expression in the doctrine of squatter sovereignty" (p. 161).

In tracing out the development of this idea in national politics, and Douglas's defense of it, Professor Johnson is particularly happy. There have been excellent treatments of the subject before; but the personal element that is naturally so conspicuous in this narrative gives an added vividness to the discussion. Conspicuous for its clearness and impartiality is the account of the Lincoln-Douglas Debate, wherein

full justice is done to the better qualities of Douglas's speeches.

The "Little Giant" was, however, first of all a politician; and Professor Johnson fails to make a hero of him, nor does he try. His attempt is that of the true historian, the drawing of a faithful portrait; and he does not seek to gloss over the weakness of his subject. In writing of the public indignation at the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, he passes the following just judgment:

"Douglas was so constituted temperamentally that he both could not, and would not, confront the situation fairly and squarely. This want of sensitiveness to the force of ethical conviction stirring the masses is the most conspicuous and regrettable aspect of his statecraft. Personally, Douglas had a high sense of honor and duty; in private affairs he was scrupulously honest; and if at times he was shifty in politics, he played the game with quite as much fairness as those contemporary politicians who boasted of the integrity of their motives. He preferred to be frank; he meant to deal justly by all men. Even so, he failed to understand the impelling power of those moral ideals which border on the unattainable. . . . His was the philosophy of the attainable. Results that were approximately just and fair satisfied him" (p. 270).

Douglas's failure to grasp the significance of the moral issue then dominating the North was the cause of his failure to maintain his leadership. Western expansion, whose long and forceful advocacy was one of the most conspicuous events of his career, had become of secondary importance on account of the controversy over slavery to which that very expansion had given birth. So bitter had grown the feeling over slavery, that the nation itself was endangered; and in the coming strife Douglas was obliged finally to make a choice. His feeling for nationalism, learned by him on the Illinois prairies, pointed out his course. He clung to the Union; but in this new issue, which he had so long attempted to suppress, there was no place for his leadership. An almost unknown man had usurped his position in the West. The picture of Douglas holding Lincoln's hat at the inauguration of his rival is symbolic of the new era in the life of the Republic.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD.

AN IMPORTANT WORK of literary biography is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for early publication — "The Life and Letters of the Brontës," by Mr. Clement Shorter. This is described as "an attempt to present a full and final record of the Lives of Three Sisters — Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë." Mr. Shorter has had recourse to a large number of hitherto unpublished letters — collected during the past eleven years. The work will be published in two volumes, with eight photogravure illustrations.

RECENT FICTION.*

The story to which Mr. Robert Herrick has given the simple but significant title "Together" is the strongest book that he has thus far written, and establishes his title to a place in the front rank of our contemporary American novelists. It is a study of married life as it appears to a keen observer of our society, whose method is that of the realist, and whose sincerity is beyond question. The result of his observations is not pleasing, and he is certain to be dubbed "cynic" and "pessimist" by the outraged hosts of hypocrisy. We do not think that he deserves either ascription, although there is some touch of bitterness in his treatment of the conjugal relation, and although the absence of any trace of humor makes gloomy reading of his book. But Mr. Herrick is at heart an idealist of the passionate Ibsen type, and his surgery is founded upon the belief that the most debased society has within it a principle of self-regeneration. He has clearly voiced his own views through the lips of one of his minor characters, who thus comments upon our diseased modern life:

"Egotism is the pestilence of our day,—the sort of base intellectual egotism that seeks to taste for the sake of tasting. Egotism is rampant. And worst of all it has corrupted the women, in whom should be Nature's great conservative element. So our body social is rotten with intellectual egotism. Yes, I mean just what you have prided yourself on,—Culture, Education, Individuality, Cleverness,—'leading your own lives,' Refinement, Experience, Development, call it what you will,—it is the same, the inturning of the Spirit to cherish self. . . . So what have you made of marriage, 'leading your own lives'? You make marriage a sort of intelligent and intellectual prostitution—and you develop divorce. The best among you—those who will not marry unless the man can arouse their 'best selves'—will not bear children even then. And you think you have the right to choose again when your so-called souls have played you false the first time. . . . And now you know what I meant when I said that a neurasthenic world needed a new religion! . . . Not the old religion of abnegation, the impossible myths that come to us out of the pessimistic East, created for a relief, a soporific, a means of evasion,—I do not mean that as religion. But another faith, which abides in each one of us, if we look for it. We rise with it in the morning. It is a faith in life apart from our own personal fate. Because we live on the surface, we despair, we get sick. Look below into the sustaining depths beyond desire, beyond self, to the depths,—and you will find it. . . . And as for beauty and satisfaction and significance,—it is infinite in every moment of every life—when the eyes are once open to see."

It is not a philosophy of despair which is thus epitomized; still less is it a gospel of cynicism. But the author is vehement in his denunciation of the present-day conditions of American society, as revealed in the home, the mart, and the pleasure alike. He finds the root of most of the evils which he por-

trays in false ideals of married life, and these he embodies in a number of concrete examples, subjected to the most merciless analysis. One case, indeed, he gives us of a union which is fundamentally sane and happy, but it occupies only an inconspicuous place upon his broad canvas. With this exception, married life, as Mr. Herrick portrays it, appears as a failure, and his characters suffer shipwreck as the consequence of their inconsiderate mating, or of their absorption in sordid and vulgar ambitions. To what extent is his picture typical of the essential truth of our civilization—this is the insistent question which his discussion puts before us. We think the view taken is too dark to be altogether just, although such examples as he provides are doubtless to be found in great numbers in our modern life. But the logical corrective of his position is supplied by one of his own paragraphs. "Perfect justice, a complete picture of society in a civilization of eighty millions, requires many shades. The darker shades are true only of the rotting refuse, the scum of the whole. Among the married millions most are, fortunately, still struggling through the earlier types from the pioneer to the economist. But as the water runs there lies the sea beyond." It is, then, as a tendency rather than as a finality that this depiction of married life must be considered, and the social documents of the time certainly give us much corroborative evidence of the tendency toward which the novelist directs our attention. But it is not logical to conclude that the future of America is with the alien races that pour themselves through Castle Garden. We still have as healthy a native stock as any that comes to us from abroad, and there is no reason to despair of a regeneration that shall spring from within our own organism. On the whole, Mr. Herrick's indictment of our materialistic and pleasure-seeking society *donne furieuxment à penser*, and is not to be quashed by the shallow platitudes of optimism. Such a study as his, holding the mirror up to the unlovely phases of our existence, and reflecting a searching light into the darker recesses of our national character, must make for good, since its truthfulness is undeniable, although it does not give us all the truth. The book has obvious faults. It lacks the virtue of reticence where that virtue is most needed, it is over-vehement in its exhortation, and its didactic zeal makes it miss the broad humanity of the highest fictive art. It is over-particular, and its very realism makes many of the characters (especially the men) unreal. But it is a strong and earnest book, wrought with conscientious skill, and its best passages achieve a marked degree of moral impressiveness, at times rise to an almost lyrical height of beauty.

It is something of a relief to turn from "Together," with all its merits, to a book like Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Peter," which affords reading of a less disquieting sort. Mr. Smith is a sentimental optimist by temperament, although he by no means ignores the sterner and ignobler aspects of life, and he chiefly delights in the depiction of lovable characters. All the principal characters in

* TOGETHER. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PETER. A Novel of Which He Is Not the Hero. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FIRING LINE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

WEeping CROSS. An Unworldly Story. By Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

HALFWAY HOUSE. A Comedy of Degrees. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Peter" are lovable—the bank teller whose name is the name of the book (although he is not its hero), his sister Felicia, the "gentleman journeyman tailor," Isaac Cohen, who lives under the same roof, the sweet heroine, and the candid youth who loves and wins her. By way of contrast, there is only the hero's uncle, who fleeces lambs in Wall Street, and is righteously made to cut his own fingers in the process. The hero, when he discovers the sources of his uncle's wealth, is unwilling to accept from him either home or employment any longer, and bravely sets out to make his own way in the world—a course which the end justifies, both practically and sentimentally. Once more the author finds in a novel the medium for setting forth the old-fashioned, simple, and gracious ideal of life which he has brought before our eyes many times before, an ideal in which manhood counts for more than money and breeding for more than worldly success. He affects—like so many other novelists from Thackeray down—the confidential attitude toward his readers, and easily persuades them to his ways of thinking. This new story of his has both charm and fragrance; if it does not reach very far into the depths of life, it at least shows us the surface in most alluring colors.

Since Mr. Chambers has taken to writing novels about the lives of the idle rich, he has lost much of the charm which compelled us in his earlier books. There is little human interest in his new theme, and neither artificial sentiment nor smart dialogue is an acceptable substitute. It is true that his genuine feeling for nature—the feeling of both naturalist and artist—contrives to find some expression in these later inventions, and that saves them from absolute aridity. It is also true that he usually takes the precaution to give us a heroine who is superior to her moneyed environment, and a hero who is not handicapped by millions, and these are saving graces. But such books as "The Younger Set," "The Fighting Chance," and "The Firing Line," are weak productions when considered as successors of "Cardigan" and "Lorraine." "The Firing Line" might as well have been called by any other name. It is the story of a young landscape gardener called to plan a park in Florida for a wealthy winter resident. The heroine is an adopted daughter of his employer, and the rest of the characters are irresponsible or mischief-making idlers. Some two years before the story opens, the heroine, learning of her nameless origin, and ashamed thereof, had rushed into a meaningless marriage, which naturally proves an impediment when the rightful lover appears. By this device the agony is drawn out for some hundreds of pages. Then the husband (who is one in name only) considerably commits suicide, and the story is brought to the inevitable end. The best thing about this rather cheap book is its semi-tropical setting, which is the author's opportunity for a great deal of observant and loving description. The worst part of it is the slangy talk of most of the characters.

What the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina upon a certain occasion has become a part of our national legend. What actually happened (if we may believe so veracious a historian as Mr. Meredith Nicholson) was that they trumped up a public quarrel as a sop to journalism, and then quietly repaired to a secluded cabin in the woods, put on old clothes, supplied themselves with the necessary provisions, and went into a week's session over the Great American Game (the one that is played with chips). Among the cares of state which they thus temporarily escaped was the vexing problem of a notorious moonshiner, who asserted his inalienable rights in the border region of the two states, and was at the same time so useful as a vote-getter that each governor wished the other to deal with him. Now each of these governors had a daughter, and each daughter an ardent pursuer in the shape of a lover at first sight (who, as we all know, is the most eager of all lovers in the romantic chase). And these two girls, with the connivance of their respective swains, and not knowing what had become of their respective fathers, proceeded to get busy, taking the reins of government into their hands, and stirring up a very pretty border warfare between the two states, all with the object of capturing the aforementioned champion of the sacred right of making one's own unlicensed whiskey. There results a comic opera situation that is extremely amusing, and one exciting incident follows upon another until the helm of state gets back into the rightful hands. All this is told, in finely humorous vein, and with artistic deftness of touch, in "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," which we recommend as a sovereign specific for loathed melancholy or any other form of the blues.

The American colonies have provided material for historical romances without number, and it is somewhat venturesome to add another to the list. The inventive faculty of Mr. Henry Longan Stuart seems sufficient, however, to warrant him in making the venture, and his "Weeping Cross" is a story with qualities sufficiently distinctive to justify its existence. The narrative is in the memoir form. Its hero, an Irishman in training for the Jesuit priesthood, fights for the King in the civil wars, is captured at Worcester, and sent by Cromwell as a bondman to New England. He becomes the servant of a farmer at Longmeadow, and his master's only daughter, a woman of passionate temper and tragic history, becomes the controlling influence upon his life. His stormy wooing and other highly emotional matters occupy the story until near the close, when the couple flee into the forest, and are wedded by a friendly priest. Then the romance culminates with the historical massacre of Longmeadow, and in its sequel the woman is slain. It makes a vivid and robust tale, but its effectiveness is dulled by interminable passages of description and introspective analysis. Its extensive and rather dull moralizing makes it indeed, in considerable part, the "unworldly tale" promised by the title-page, but does not add to its

attractiveness. There is a distinct novelty, of course, in giving a Catholic hero to a story of puritan New England, but tradition has reported that two or three priests were concerned in the Longmeadow horror, and that a Catholic was known to be living in the town as an indentured servant. This is the slender historical basis of Mr. Stuart's invention. His title comes from Montaigne, who tells us that men who wed are likely to repent their bargain and come home by "weeping crosse."

Mr. John Germain, a gentleman of fifty and the owner of extensive lands, was paying his annual visit to his clergyman brother, when

"An adventure of a sentimental kind presented itself to him, engaged him, carried him into mid-air upon a winged horse, and set him treading clouds and such-like filmy footing. . . . Bluntly, he, a widower of ten years' standing, fell in love with a young person half his age, and of no estate at all—but quite the contrary; and, after an interval of time which he chose to ignore, applied himself earnestly to the practice of poetry. There ensued certain curious relationships between quite ordinary people which justify me in calling my book a Comedy of Degrees."

Thus Mr. Maurice Hewlett, by way of introduction to his first novel of everyday folk and our prosaic modern life. No more primitive lovers for him, ranging in the enchanted forest, no more kings and queens of historical fame, no more eighteenth-century sentimental journeys or idyllic adventures on the road in Italy, but a story about people who wear ordinary clothes and whose speech is that to which our modern ears are daily accustomed. It is no small tribute to the author to say that his mastery of this prosaic material is as complete as was his mastery of the legendary and historical manners in which he worked before, that he has fitted his style to his theme with absolute nicety of adjustment. This modern reading of the tale of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is a perfectly charming product of inventive fancy, instinct with the essential spirit of comedy—by which we mean that there is no touch of the farcical about it, that it is rich in human feeling, and that the smile it brings to our lips is likely to find us close to the verge of tears. The precipitation of tragedy which might so easily result from this mingling of the human elements of love and duty and instinctive feeling may cloud the medium for brief moments, but quickly disappears in the clarifying solvents of tender sympathy and illuminating intelligence. The story is, of course, one of an unhappy mating. The heroine is a nursery governess who is so dazed by the suit of her elderly lover that her natural impulses do not assert themselves until after she has taken the fatal step. Her lordly husband is so sunk in the gratified contemplation of his own magnanimity that it is long before he realizes that it is not love, but gratitude and respectful submission, that he has brought to his hearthstone. When the awakening comes, he broods in silence, and, dying, leaves a will with a sting, namely, a provision that his widow shall benefit by his estate "so long as she remain chaste and unmarried." Yet he had been mistaken all the

time in the object of his suspicions, for the young gentleman at whom the shaft is aimed had touched only the surface of the heroine's life, and her deeper self had all the time been in the custody of a vagabond acquaintance unknown to her husband. This character, a gentleman by birth and education, abandons the flesh-pots of comfort for the free life of the open road. He takes a tent and goes gypsying; he tinkers kettles for a material living, but has for his real object in life the planting of strange plants in odd corners of England, converting their bareness into spots of blossoming beauty. This interesting and sympathetic figure, this man whom Thoreau would have taken to his heart, is the soul-mate of the heroine, and it is to him that she goes in the end, renouncing without a pang the life of luxurious ease that might yet be hers. The gypsy tent is the Halfway House of her experimental exploration of the world of men, and it becomes the haven of her final refuge. This outline can give no notion whatever of the exquisite charm with which the tale is told. It has all the seeming simplicity of the finest literary art, but its wit, its grace, and its subtle sentiment are qualities that make of it a far more serious book than it pretends to be. In it Mr. Hewlett has achieved a new sort of distinction, and made to his readers a more human appeal than ever before.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The palmy days of the American trading vessels. It is ten years since Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen's "On Many Seas" delighted readers of ocean adventure with its rapid and realistic account of the writer's experiences on the briny deep. And now there comes another autobiographic narrative, of very similar tone and of equal interest, from the pen of Captain John D. Whidden, entitled "Ocean Life in the Old Sailing-Ship Days" (Little, Brown & Co.). The same rough process of "breaking-in" as Mr. Hamblen's was undergone by the cabin-boy Whidden, when, at thirteen years of age, and an orphan, he went aboard the clipper "Ariel" at Newburyport and began a seafaring life that culminated in the captaincy of the barque "Keystone," and included voyages to the far East and the far West and the Southern seas. The decline of our merchant marine after the Civil War was the reason of Captain Whidden's retirement, after a quarter-century's experience of seafaring. He deplores the war tariff which so raised the price of all shipping materials as to kill the New England ship-building industry. After reading the author's prefatory announcement that he knows nothing of book-writing, having left school at twelve and applied himself to matters wholly unconnected with literature, one is agreeably surprised to find his stirring narrative set forth in a fluent, clear, and pleasing style—a style that is certainly well suited to his purpose. It is to be

noted that in the account of his Eastern voyages Captain Whidden has repeated the old and all but baseless tradition of Juggernaut sacrifices. As was made clear years ago by Sir W. W. Hunter in his "Statistical Account of Bengal," and more recently by Moncreux Conway in his book "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," this tradition is based on an error. Juggernaut, or Jagannatha, who is none other than Vishnu the Preserver, under another form, is of course opposed to the taking of life of any kind, and especially the self-sacrifice of human beings. Captain Whidden's by no means puny proportions are partly presented in the frontispiece, and many other photogravures are scattered through the body of the book. As his old comrades would doubtless be glad to attest in his favor, the Captain spins a rattling good yarn, and we commend it to all lovers of sea stories.

*Old-time crafts
and craftsmen.*

The deep interest taken nowadays in the decorative arts and in the modern Arts and Crafts movement, will ensure a welcome for Mrs. Julia de Wolf Addison's "Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages" (L. C. Page & Co.). For it is to the Middle Ages that the modern movement looks back for its inspiration as to the golden age of handicraft. Then, nobody could be a cog in the machine, no matter how much he might have preferred it; then, artist and artisan, designer and craftsman, were as a matter of course one; and this versatility, which often stretched itself to include half a dozen different artistic pursuits, if it thwarted cold perfection, imparted a charm of sincerity, *naïveté*, and individuality, that the most wonderful machine-made product must forever lack. It is of some of the work produced under these conditions, which a school of modern artists is trying to recreate, that Mrs. Addison writes. Like her other art manuals, this one is intended for the amateur in such studies, who seeks the little general information that will make the collections in museums interesting and profitable, and lead to the reading of more detailed and comprehensive works. Accordingly there are brief and simple accounts of a dozen mediæval crafts, practised extensively in England, France, Germany, and Italy, with explanations of mechanical processes, descriptions, often accompanied by illustrations, of distinguished examples, and quaint legends and anecdotes of famous craftsmen and their patrons, generally kings or ecclesiastical dignitaries, themselves often practical artisans, teachers of guilds, or directors of craft shops. Chapters of varying length are devoted to the different crafts — metal work, including gold and silver work, that done in baser metals, and enameling; tapestry; embroidery; sculpture in stone, limited to its decorative applications; carving in wood and ivory; inlay and mosaic; and illumination. Each art is treated independently, though the names of workers like Cellini and Bishop Bernward of Hildesheim recur in different chapters; and more or less chronologically, though the emphasis is not upon

progressive stages of development but rather upon typical examples of work and workers. Necessarily, the accounts are fragmentary, but they serve their purpose, and a short but well-chosen bibliography furnishes material for amplification in any desired direction.

*A week with
Gladstone
at Oxford.*

As Lord Rosebery not long ago remarked, the combination of bookishness and statesmanship illustrated by Mr. Gladstone is becoming rarer every year. The bookishness, if not the statesmanship, of the great man was displayed to admiring and respectful observers on the occasion of his last visit but one at Oxford, in 1890, when, as honorary Fellow of All Souls, he was the guest of that college for a week in January and February. Letters descriptive of this notable event were written daily through the week by "C. R. L. F.," apparently the Warden of All Souls; and some of these, with additions and notes, are now published under the title "Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890" (Dutton). Monologue and dialogue is reproduced in some detail, and the little book gives glimpses of Gladstone that one is thankful not to have missed. As to his manner in personal intercourse, we read: "The charm of his talk cannot be rendered in description — the softness of the lower tones of the voice, the easy constant movement as he turned from one to the other; the clenched fist, the open palm, and the challenging forefinger, which the House of Commons knew so well. Sometimes he seemed to drop out of the conversation, his eye looked veiled and tired; but at the first sound of a name that appealed to him, the veil seemed to lift, and he was watching the moment to speak." And of his appearance: "All his portraits make him too fierce. There is great nobility and play of face, as well as of gesture with the hands, which he is fond of bringing down plump on the table to emphasize a point. . . . Eyes grey-blue, and though occasionally they light up so much as to be describable as 'fierce,' in ordinary conversation they are essentially mild." Gladstone's inclination to discourse on Homer and on Greek archæology appears to have bored his hearers a little, especially as they felt themselves not well prepared to contribute to the conversation. A number of the stories told by Mr. Gladstone are to be found in the "Life," as is duly pointed out in footnotes. A portrait of the distinguished guest in academic gown faces the title-page; another picture of him, with Mrs. Gladstone standing at his side, is inserted later; and we are favored with an outside view of the college rooms occupied by him during his visit.

*Pastimes of
"the old boys"
of New Boston.*

Persons of middle age can still remember the municipally-sanctioned coasting on Boston Common, from the Beacon and Park Streets corner down the steep incline to West Street and along the Tremont Street Mall, till the sled's momentum was exhausted somewhere near Boylston Street. Something like a tobog-

gan shute was occasionally erected to accentuate the already sharp descent at the beginning, and the speed attained was truly terrific. This and other sports and games that flourished on the Common when the nineteenth century was a hale and hearty sexagenarian are agreeably recalled and described by one who was a participant in them, Mr. James D'Wolf Lovett, his book bearing the title, "Old Boston Boys and the Games they Played." The book had its genesis at a dinner given by the late Samuel Cabot, himself one of "the old boys," to a number of friends and contemporaries who had once been prominent oarsmen, cricketers, baseball and football players, boxers, gymnasts, or otherwise athletically distinguished. The memories there recalled, with the records and remembrances of Mr. Lovett himself, have been generously drawn upon to make a book of unique interest—marred only by the modesty of the author, who was a ball-player and athlete of great prowess, but gives the reader only a hint here and there of his achievements. For the history of cricket, football, baseball, and rowing, Mr. Lovett's chapters are of value; and as giving a picture of mid-nineteenth-century open-air pastimes in Boston, they are highly entertaining. Coming from one who assisted at the birth of our national game, and was himself a redoubtable pitcher, what is recorded about baseball cannot fail to find interested readers among present-day enthusiasts. One small error, or seeming error, noteworthy because so unexpected, may be mentioned. In commenting on the unvarying order of boys' games, the year round, Mr. Lovett makes marbles come after tops. Is it possible that the present cheerful sign of spring, the nimble marble, has not always made its appearance with the retreat of snow and mud? The book's many illustrations from old photographs form a valuable part of its contents. Two drawings by Mr. C. D. Gibson are also provided. (Little, Brown & Co.)

A French view of an English beau and dandy. The queer fascination that Beau Brummell exercised in his lifetime still clings to his memory. Vain, shallow, impertinent, heartless, a spendthrift and a bully, he played his game of life with superb impudence and crafty abandon, making snobbery a system, insolence a fine art, and frivolity heroic. His genius was essentially un-English,—one reason, no doubt, why he domineered so easily over the brilliant, flippant, immoral society of his day, with its aspiration toward Gallic standards that it lacked the refinement fully to understand. It is not surprising, therefore, that this chief of the English beaux has had more than one French biographer. The latest of these is M. Roger Boutet de Monvel, who has produced a delightfully picturesque and sympathetic study, etched on the background of contemporary English life. It is entitled "Beau Brummell and His Times" (Lippincott). The prefatory history of dandyism in Europe is entertaining, and the translation of the text is adequate, though at times rather self-conscious. M. de Monvel has been particularly

successful in selecting, from the mass of anecdote available, bits that really illuminate his subject. Where an English biographer of to-day would have been likely to offer every item he could lay hands on, M. de Monvel has chosen to work on a smaller, better proportioned canvas, deftly avoiding too familiar and too numerous instances of the Beau's conspicuous traits, and not failing to bring out the less-known sides of his enigmatical character. His perfect understanding of himself and his methods, for example, is shown in his conversations with the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, where he was clever enough to be as frank in his answers as she was direct in her attacks. And his real humor, his air of courtesy, and his gift for talking amiably with everybody, as the poet Crabbe bore witness to them, are not forgotten. The book is elegantly printed and bound, and is illustrated with portraits of the Beau and of some of his companions and admirers.

The real Francesca of Dante.

In a neat little volume, Mr. Harold Harris Mathew offers to English readers, through the press of David Nutt, an adaptation of the work of Monsieur Charles Yriarte on *Francesca di Rimini*. After a rather careful review of the evidence the author comes to this belief: Francesca, daughter of the Lord of Ravenna, was about eighteen when, in 1275, she was married by proxy to Giovanni, who was over thirty. Her married life lasted ten years; and she had one daughter. She was a woman "of lofty spirit" and resolute energy. Her intimacy with Paolo was of long standing. Paolo's main characteristic is summed up in "Il Bello." Six years before meeting Francesca he had married; and his wife had two children. Giovanni was the traditional shrewd soldier-politician of the period, whose physical deformities did not interfere with his persistent activities. The day after he murdered his wife and brother he married one Zambrasina. So much for the probable verities. In the conclusion, however, this wise sentence is penned: "But when all is said, it is useless to file our evidence, and search all possible sources of information to discover the real Francesca, for Dante has superseded history." The book seems to us to serve its purpose well; and its ninety-four small pages will do much to orientate the reader who is following the many and various writings that centre about Dante's "two sad spirits indivisible."

Letters by the author of the "Nonsense Verses."

A volume of the characteristic and amusing letters of Edward Lear, which was published awhile ago in London, now appears in an American edition (Duffield & Co.), with some revision and correction by the editor, Lady Strachey. The letters extend from 1847 to 1864, are written from different places visited by the wandering landscape-painter, and are mostly addressed to his friend Fortescue (Lady Strachey's uncle), with a few to Lady Waldegrave, who married Fortescue in 1863. Hasty drawings,

of characteristic whimsicality, form no unimportant part of the letters; and, as was to be expected from this pioneer "limerickian," he occasionally drops into that form of verse. As an example of his informal letter-writing style—and it may be doubted whether he had any formal style—let us quote a few lines disclaiming his intention ever to marry. "Single—I may have few pleasures—but married—many risks and miseries are semi-certainly in waiting—nor till the plot is played out can it be said that evils are not at hand. You say you are 30, but I believe you are ever so much more. As for me I am 40—and some months: by the time I am 42 I shall regard the matter with 42de I hope." His punning use of the numbers four and forty is frequent, especially in the name of his friend,—"*40scue*." Snatches of modern Greek, chiefly in letters from Greece, add variety to these never monotonous missives, and one of them contains a translation of Tennyson's "Will." Lear died in 1888, in his seventy-sixth year. Letters covering the period 1864–88 are in Lady Strachey's possession, and she half promises to publish them if the sale of the first instalment is sufficiently encouraging.—Simultaneously with the edition of Lear's letters appears a reprint of his "Book of Limericks" (Little, Brown & Co.), with Lear's own delightfully humorous illustrations.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The latest guide to the mysteries of the culinary art is "The Standard Domestic Science Cook Book," compiled and arranged by William H. Lee and Jennie A. Hansey, and published by Messrs. Laird & Lee of Chicago. It contains over 1400 recipes, all of which the authors vouch for as tried and true, menus for all seasons, and diverse directions for marketing, carving, serving meals, entertaining, and so on. A chapter on the fireless cooker attests to the thoroughly up-to-date character of the suggestions. Each group of recipes is headed by a brief paragraph explaining how to distinguish wholesome from unwholesome foodstuffs of the particular kind under discussion, this feature giving the book its distinctive title. A decided novelty is the thumb index, which enables the hurried and possibly sticky-fingered cook to turn at once to any of the thirty-two departments of the book, merely by reference to the department index compactly printed inside the front cover. A special leather-bound "gift edition" of the book has been issued along with the regular one.

Miss Katherine L. Sharp, formerly librarian and library school director at the University of Illinois, has issued (through the University Press, Urbana, Ill.) the fourth part of her detailed account of "Illinois Libraries." This section is entitled "Chicago Libraries," and in the space of 140 pages chronicles the history of no fewer than 102 extant and four obsolete libraries—unless our counting is at fault. There is no sufficient table of contents, and no index whatever, even though the author is a professional librarian! However, there is promise of a complete index to the entire work, as well as views of buildings and a list of Illinois library publications—to be comprised in a fifth and final brochure or "part."

NOTES.

"Twelve Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by Mr. William Henry P. Phye, is a revision of a well-known hand-book, now enlarged to the extent of twenty per cent. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

Ten "Stories New and Old," by English and American writers, are collected into a volume and published by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie appears as the sponsor, and writes a brief introduction for each of the ten.

Two new Baedekers, now imported by the Messrs. Scribner, are the fifteenth revised edition of "London and Its Environs," and the third edition of "Berlin and Its Environs." Both volumes are brought up to date, and provided with new maps and plans.

"Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales," by Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, and "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories," by Miss Mary Hayes Davis and Mr. Chow Leung, are two volumes of the "Eclectic Readings" for schools published by the American Book Co.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. publish pretty new editions, in limp leather covers, of Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads." The former volume has a biographical sketch by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

The Columbia University Press issues in handsome form a monograph, by Miss Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, on "Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama." The study is based largely upon official documents of the time, and is a very thorough piece of work.

No less than eight authors have contributed to "A Text-Book of Physics," now published by Messrs. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. Professor A. Wilmer Duff is the general editor of the work and the author of the section upon "Mechanics." The book has upwards of five hundred illustrations.

A second edition, completely revised throughout, of Dr. Masuji Miyakawa's "Powers of the American People" is published by the Baker & Taylor Co. As the work of a Japanese scholar, this book is of peculiar interest, particularly because it introduces many instructive comparisons between the Japanese and American Constitutions.

"Much Adoe about Nothing," edited by Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, are the latest volumes in the "Old-Spelling Shakespeare," published by Messrs. Duffield & Co. To the series of "Shakespeare Classics" the same publishers have added "The Sources and Analogues of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,'" a volume compiled by Mr. Frank Sidgwick.

Arthur Stedman, the younger of the two sons of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and the only one living at the time of the poet's death, passed away on the 16th of September. He was forty-nine years old and a Yale graduate of '81. The greater part of his life was spent in New York, in which city he died. He was an industrious literary worker, and wrote much for newspapers and magazines. He was of much assistance to his father in the preparation of the "Library of American Literature." He will also be remembered as having written, in the early nineties, the regular New York letter of literary news which appeared in this journal.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FALL BOOKS.

The titles contained in the following list were received too late for inclusion in our regular Fall Announcement Number of September 16.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Chinese Porcelain. by Hsiang Yuan-P'ien, trans. by S. W. Bushell, illus. in color. — An Alabama Student, and other biographical essays, by William Oaler. — A Survey of London, by John Stow, edited by C. L. Kingsford. — Folk-Memory, or The Continuity of British Archaeology, by Walter Johnson. — The Renaissance and the Reformation, by E. M. Tanner. — Welsh Medieval Law, by A. W. Wade Evans. — The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena, by C. G. Knott. — The Management of Private Affairs, by Joseph King, F. T. R. Bigham, M. L. Gwyer, Edwin Cannan, J. S. C. Bridge, and A. M. Latier. — The Pacific Blockade, by Albert E. Hogan. — Auto de Fe and Jew, by E. N. Adler. — Fonts in English Churches, by Francis Bond. — Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels, by Don John Chapman. — The Moral System of Dante's Inferno, by W. H. V. Reade. — The Ethical Aspect of Evolution, by W. Bennett. — Comparative Greek Grammar, by Joseph Wright. — The Oxford Thackeray, edited by George Saintsbury, complete in 17 vols., illus. — Oxford Poets Series, new vols.: Poems of Crabbe, edited by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carlyle; Poems of Thomson, edited by J. Logie Robertson. — Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry, new vols.: Selected Poems of William Barnes, edited by Thomas Hardy; Selected Poems of John Clare, edited by Arthur Symonds; The Heroine, by Eaton Stannard Barrett, with introduction by Walter Raleigh; The Annals of a Parish, by John Galt, edited by G. S. Gordon; Memoirs of Shelley, by Thomas Love Peacock, edited by H. F. B. Brett Smith; War Songs, compiled by Christopher Stone. — Stuart and Tudor Library, new vols.: Turberville's Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting; Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique, edited by G. H. Mair; Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, with introduction by W. W. Greg. — Oxford Library of Translations, new vols.: Virgil, trans. by John Jackson; Plato's Republic, trans. and edited by Benjamin Jowett; Hesiod, trans. and edited by A. W. Mair; Statius Silvae, trans. and edited by D. A. Slater; St. Bernard on Consideration, trans. and edited by George Lewis. — Addison's Coverley Papers, edited by C. M. Myers. — Scott's Rob Roy, edited by R. S. Raib. — Scott's Woodstock, edited by J. S. C. Bridge.

REILLY & BRITTON CO.

A Little Brother of the Rich, by Joseph Medill Patterson, illus. in color, etc., \$1.50. — Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz, by L. Frank Baum, illus. in color, \$1.25. — Children's Stories that Never Grow Old, illus. in color by John R. Neill, \$1. — Boy Fortune Hunter Series, by Floyd Akers, first vols.: The Boy Fortune Hunters in Alaska, The Boy Fortune Hunters in Panama, The Boy Fortune Hunters in Egypt; each 60 cts. — Aunt Jane's Nieces at Millville, by Edith Van Dyne, illus., 60 cts. — Peter Rabbit and Black Sambo Painting Book, illus. in color. — Baby's Childhood Days, decorated by Dulah Clarke Krehbiel. — The Teddy Bears in Fun and Frolic, illus. in color by J. R. Bray. — Johnny Hep, by H. L. Layler, illus. — The Bride's Cook Book, illus. in color, etc. — Toasts You Ought to Know, compiled by Janet Madison. — When Good Fellows Get Together, compiled by James O'Donnell Bennett. — Forget-me-nots, illus. by Clara Powers Wilson. — Memorable American Speeches, Edited by John Vance Cheney.

THE PILGRIM PRESS.

The Pilgrims, by Frederick A. Noble, illus., \$2.50 net. — The Peasantry of Palestine, life, manners, and customs of the village, by Elihu Grant, illus., \$1.50 net. — The Psychology of Jesus, by Albert W. Hitchcock, \$1.25 net. — Old Andover Days, by Sarah Stuart Robbins, illus., \$1. net. — The Main Points, a study in Christian belief, by Charles Reynolds Brown, \$1.25 net. — The Teachings of Jesus in Parables, by George Henry Hubbard, \$1.50 net. — Monday Club Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons, \$1.25. — Glad Tidings, by Reuben Thomas, \$1.25 net. — A Year of Good Cheer, by Delia Lyman Porter, 60 cts. net; leather, \$1. net. — The Boy Problem, by William Byron Forbush, \$1. net. — Hero Tales, by Mrs. Osora S. Davis, illus., \$1. net. — Letters on the Great Truths of Our Christian Faith, by Henry Churchill King, \$1. net. — The Strange Ways of God, a study in the Book of Job, by Charles Reynolds Brown, 75 cts. net. —

The Church of Today, by Joseph Henry Crooker, 75 cts. net. — The Significance of the Personality of Christ for the Minister of Today, by Ernest G. Guthrie, Percy H. Epler, and Willard B. Thorp, 75 cts. net. — The Teacher that Teaches, by Amos R. Wells, 60 cts. net. — The Practice of Immortality, by Washington Gladden, 35 cts. net. — The Blues Cure, an anti-worry recipe, by Delia Lyman Porter, 35 cts. net. — Whence Cometh Help, by John W. Buckham, 35 cts. net. — The Love Watch, by William Allen Knight, 35 cts. net. — The Gospel of Good Health, by Charles Reynolds Brown, 35 cts. net. — The Land of Pure Delight, by George A. Gordon, 35 cts. net. — The Valley of Troubling, by Grace Duffield Goodwin, 35 cts. net. — The Signs in the Christmas Fire, by William Allen Knight, 35 cts. net; vellum, 50 cts. net. — The Keen Joy of Living, by John Edger Park, 35 cts. net. — The Face Angeli, by Hiram Collins Haydn, 35 cts. net. — The Story of the Child that Jesus Took, by Newman Smyth, 35 cts. net.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1908.

Aeronaut, The. Frederick Todd. *World's Work*.
Aeroplane and Its Future. Henri Farman. *Metropolitan*.
Africa, A Trip through. S. P. Verner. *World's Work*.
Alcohol and the Individual. H. S. Williams. *McClure*.
Alcott, Bronson. T. W. Higginson. *Putnam*.
American Commonwealth, Fifty Years of an. *World's Work*.
American Desert, The Vanishing. Wm. Hard. *Munsey*.
Anti-Injunction Legislation, Perils of. H. H. Lewis. *No. Amer.*
Babies of the Rich. Viola Rodgers. *Cosmopolitan*.
Barcelona, In. Ellen M. Slayden. *Century*.
Barnard, Kate, of Oklahoma. A. J. McKelway. *American*.
Battle Lines, Between two. Sally R. Weir. *Metropolitan*.
Beauty, The Religion of Feminine. J. E. Fletcher. *Atlantic*.
Bee-keeping in a Suburb. J. P. True. *Atlantic*.
Bir el-Abd, In Camp at. Norman Duncan. *Harper*.
Blind Citizens, Our. John Macy. *Everybody's*.
Blue-Stocking, The Heart of a. Lucy M. Donnelly. *Atlantic*.
Bryan's Election, Results of. J. C. Welliver. *Munsey*.
Bryan's Third Campaign. J. Daniels. *Review of Reviews*.
Business Recovery, A Year of. C. P. Spear. *Review of Reviews*.
Caine, Hall, Autobiography of. — II. Appleton.
Canada's Railroads. J. O. Curwood. *Putnam*.
China, The White House Collection of. A. G. Baker. *Century*.
China, What Our Fleet Could Do for. B. L. P. Weale. *No. Amer.*
Chivalry, Is It Dead? Anna M. Sholl. *Appleton*.
Christianity, Salvation of. — III. Charles F. Aked. *Appleton*.
Churchill, Lady Randolph, Reminiscences of. — XI. *Century*.
Colorado, A Walking Trip in. Walter Wyckoff. *Seribner*.
Competition. Henry Holt. *Atlantic*.
Congressman's First Bill. A. Victor Murdock. *American*.
Consular Career, Education for the New. J. B. Osborne. *North American*.
Convict System, Georgia's. A. C. Newell. *World's Work*.
Coyou and the Derby Hat. C. L. Bull. *Metropolitan*.
Cruise, Pacific, Preparing for. B. D. Evans. *Broadway*.
Curacao, a Caribbean Holland. G. P. Blackiston. *World To-day*.
Dancing, The Present Craze for. *Broadway*.
Debs on the American Situation. L. Steffens. *Everybody's*.
Delirium, Experiences in. Charles Roman. *American*.
Democracy, A Fund for Efficient. W. H. Allen. *Atlantic*.
Democracy and the Main Chance. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam*.
Diplomatic Life, Curiosities of. Herbert H. D. Pierce. *Atlantic*.
Earth as a Magnet. F. A. Black. *Harper*.
Egypt, The Progress of. J. M. Hubbard. *Atlantic*.
Egypt, The Spell of. — VI. Robert Hichens. *Century*.
Eskimo, Home Life of the. V. Stefansson. *Harper*.
Esperanto Congress, The Dresden. H. J. Forman. *No. Amer.*
Evans, Admiral. Charles Somerville. *Broadway*.
Farms, Earnings of the. E. A. Forbes. *World's Work*.
Farragut at Port Hudson. Loyall Farragut. *Putnam*.
Fathers, The Use of. Edward S. Martin. *Harper*.
Fear, The Service of. G. L. Knapp. *Lippincott*.
Filipino Assembly, The First. C. S. Lobingier. *No. American*.
Foreign Tour at Home. — VIII. Henry Holt. *Putnam*.
Fox-hunting in America. Gilson Willets. *Broadway*.
Fulton, Robert, in France. A. C. Sutcliffe. *Century*.
Geological Surveyor's Adventures. W. A. Du Puy. *World To-day*.
Gravelotte, Battle of. R. Shackleton. *Harper*.
Health, Good. Elbert Hubbard. *Lippincott*.
Historical Background of Recent Novels. F. T. Cooper. *Bookman*.
Hitchcock, Chairman Frank H. *Review of Reviews*.

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